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THE

WORKINGMAN'S COMPANION.

BY

WILLIAM ALEXANDER DAVIES,

(THE "GOLDEN MINER,")

AUTHOR OF "THE BANKS OF SUSQUEHANNA."

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

MAHANOY CITY, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA.

1881.

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(THE GOLDEN MINER,)

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THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

DANIEL BARLOW,

OF MAHANOY CITY, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA,

BY HIS HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

This tribute accept from the harp of the bard;
'Tis gratefully given to honor thy name:
For in thee I have found the truest of friends
That kindness bestowed without seeking for fame.

PREFACE.

DEAR READER, this book is what its title-page claims it to be,—The Workingman's Companion, having been written by a workingman who has never risen above the ordinary sphere of life; by one who has never been engaged in any other than the humble occupation of a miner. The author does not claim equality with the favored bards who have had the good fortune of drinking from classic fountains and walking the earth in "silver slippers"; and since he does not claim perfection for his literary productions, but avers that they are merely the fruits of leisure hours, he would, by this humble acknowledgment, kindly spare such persons, as are in any way disposed to criticise, the trouble of so doing. Poetical literature, as a general thing, is beyond the comprehension of the working classes; but the contents of this volume are brought down to the level of those whose educational advantages, like those of the author, have been rather meagre. Neither is there anything within its covers that will intrude upon the modesty of the most delicate and refined readers. The author has kept aloof from all sectarianism and nationality, and has chanted the praises of the humblest as well as the most exalted in America. His devotion to the cause of liberty and the rights of oppressed humanity is

stamped upon his poems "Ennis Alga" and "The Fenian Patriot." To those who are not in sympathy with these hapless people he would say, throw all selfishness aside and meditate upon the wrongs imposed upon them in that "Green Isle of the Sea" by the cruel and merciless tyrants of England.

About eight years ago the author published a book entitled "The Banks of Susquehanna"; but the poems contained in this volume have been written since the publication of the former, with the exception of two, which have been revised and extended,—"The Buckville Blacksmith" and "The Celestial City." As the author never expects to build a mansion nor open a coal mine from the proceeds of this book, but simply to enjoy the fruits of his labors and creep a little higher up the hill of knowledge, he has no apologies to make, no frowns to fear, nor favors to ask except the merited patronage of a free and generous people.

The noblest specimen we find
In the creative plan
Is he who earns his daily bread,
We call the workingman.

Yours respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

When boyhood's days have been lost in the past, and the trials and realities of life have driven man's frail bark before the severe storms of adversity, causing every plank to quiver, and threatening to founder it upon the rock of despair, will the recollection of childhood's scenes, of the frolicking innocence of days not veiled with sorrow, whisper words of comfort to the troubled soul and say to the raging waves, "Peace, be still." Among the sweetest of earth's carols are those which inspire the soul with the fond remembrances of the blissful home of early life. He who leaves the land of his nativity to seek beneath the dazzling "stars" and beautiful "stripes" of America's flag that which the Pilgrim Fathers sought and found,—freedom to worship God, freedom to do anything that is honest and honorable,—would be as base as the traitor who raised his dagger to aim a death-blow at the institutions of the country to which he owed his all if in him were wanting a sterling loyalty to the land of his adoption; and yet he would be less than human should he be found one of those of whose existence Sir Walter Scott inquires in his memorable poem:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

Well do I remember the cottage in which I was born, and the fond memories that cluster around it will only be erased by death itself. I was born on the banks of the Taff, Merthyr Tydvil, Glanmorganshire, South Wales, July 25, A.D. 1843.

My beloved father had the misfortune of losing his sight several years before my birth. Although thus deeply afflicted, his soul was illumined by that mysterious light which leads the blind; for he was in reality one of the noblest objects of Christianity that ever knelt at the feet of the Redeemer. At morning, noon, and night he delighted to commune with his Lord, and the songs of Zion were the melodies he chanted as he traversed the pathway of life. 'Tis but little I know of my parents' lineage; but I was given to understand that my father was born on the Cliffs of Dover, and that his mother was a native of Scotland and his father of North Wales. His mother, whose maiden name was Wilkinson, was a lady of culture and refinement, and came from a noble family.

His father was a farmer, and a descendant of the Davies' of Manavon, North Wales; therefore I am a relative to the Rev. Walter Davies (Gwalter Mechain), the profound Welsh scholar, poet, and historian. I can truly say of my Christian father what Goldsmith said of the "Village Parson," that "e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

My father had the misfortune to lose his affectionate mother when only seven or eight years old, and at the age of fourteen entered the army as a drummer in the Twenty-third Regiment Royal Welsh Fusileers. After nine years' services he was promoted to the position of

drum-major, and for four or five years performed the duties of this office. He was a generous, unassuming person; slow to anger and ever ready to forgive. At the age of twenty-seven (or thereabouts) he was stationed with his regiment on the rocks of Gibraltar, at which place a disease called ophthalmia affected his sight, causing him, together with a large number of his fellow-soldiers, to be discharged from the service. For his services he received a pension of one shilling and three pence per day during the remainder of life. From Gibraltar he came to Holy Well, in Flintshire, North Wales. Here he married a daughter of David Evans, of Montgomeryshire, by whom he had seven sons and three daughters. From Holy Well he migrated to Merthyr Tydvil, where, owing to the ignorance of a physician, he lost his sight; but, between his pension and the profits of the nailing business, he was enabled to rear his family. Although not capable of giving his children a liberal education, they were taught the elementary branches and made conversant with the writings of the Bible. Having fought loyally and manfully in the battles of the Cross until nearly approaching his seventieth year, he calmly resigned his life into the hands of his Redeemer and entered the hallowed mansions of immortality. My dear mother only survived him three months, when her bright and compassionate spirit followed that of her beloved consort to that rest which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus ended the lives of two earnest Christian workers in the vineyard of the Lord, who through all the trials and conflicts of life never stood still, but marched forward with unswerving zeal until

their gracious Master bade them throw off the garb of humanity and clothed them with a robe of eternal felicity.

On the 25th day of December, A.D. 1862, at the age of nineteen years and five months, I was married to Maria, eldest daughter of David and Elizabeth Jenkins, who were residing in the valley of Aberdare, in a small village called Cwmbach. We have been blest with two daughters,—the eldest of which died when five months old. The younger is still living, and endeavors to walk in the path of virtue. I had only been married one year and nine months when I decided to emigrate to America. I left home on Saturday morning, September 10, A.D. 1864, and arrived at Liverpool in the evening of the same day, where I remained until the 14th of the same month, when, after a number of friends who intended to sail with me arrived, we embarked on the steamer "Edinburgh," of the Inman line. We landed at New York on the morning of September 30, from which city we proceeded to Shamokin, Northumberland County, Pa. On the 25th day of January, A.D. 1866, we removed to Mahanoy City, Schuylkill County, owing to the dullness of the coal trade at this time. Here I found a large portion of my time unemployed, and so devoted my leisure hours to the search after knowledge. During the winter of 1869 I was so fortunate as to obtain a little education under the tutorship of Prof. H. L. Atkinson, at Lewisburg, Union County, Pa. In the person of Prof. Atkinson I found a warm and generous friend, and, although I have not reciprocated his friendship upon the harp of song, yet I consider him one of my

greatest benefactors. At the close of the term I returned to Mahanoy City, but being unable to obtain employment in consequence of the depression existing in this portion of the coal region at the time, I was obliged to seek employment elsewhere, and at last obtained it at East Nanticoke, Luzerne County. The clouds of misfortune gathered so thickly around me at this period that they seemed almost to quench the gracious luminary of the soul (Hope) which the Creator designed should cheer the mind of every mortal blest with his divine image and destined for immortality.

The "divinity that shapes our ends" seems to have led me to this spot on the banks of the Susquehanna, in order that I might be the instrument to be used in the saving of human life; for on the evening of the 8th of April, 1871, while standing near the river in the vicinity of the Nanticoke dam, watching the raftsmen guiding their floating lumber through what is called a schute, I noticed that one of the rafts was going too far into the current of the stream, which, owing to the suction of the dam, is very rapid in this place; but supposing that the pilot was acquainted with the river I thought that he knew the danger and would avoid it. In a short time, to the great surprise of all who were whiling away the early portion of the evening upon the banks of this beautiful river, the cry of distress reached our ears, and looking in the direction of the raft a death-like silence reigned among those present as they discovered the peril of the raftsmen, and all hope of rescuing the three men seemed to have been abandoned. All supposed that death would claim him as a victim

who attempted to assist them. I could not endure looking at these men without at least trying to help them, so I immediately sprang into my little boat, and in a moment was at the side of the raft. The three men, who were very much bewildered, leaped into my boat and almost capsized it. I told the pilot (whose name is George Campbell) to assist me in rowing, which he accordingly did, while the others prayed fervently to the Lord that he would save us from the impending danger. Their supplication was undoubtedly heard, for we gained headway on the current, and reached the shore in safety as the raft was going over the falls of the dam. This adventure threw my mind into a state of despondency, and were it not for the kindness and sympathy of Dr. Lape I cannot say what the result would have been. Neither can I forego closing this brief sketch without gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness to Jeremiah O'Brian, James Caten, and George Blake. During my struggles in behalf of oppressed humanity and the holy cause of labor they were my truest and most generous friends, and their names will ever remain green in my memory. I shall now conclude with the poetical sentiments of some anonymous poet, whose verses contain a volume of meaning, and are at present, and I hope ever will be, the true sentiments of my heart:

"I live to learn their story who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory and follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages, and nobles of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages and time's great volume make.

"I live for those who love me, for those who know me
true;
For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my
spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance, for the wrong that
needs resistance,
For the future in the distance, and the good that I
can do."

MAHANOY CITY, November 22, A.D. 1880.

THE WORKINGMAN'S COMPANION.

SONGS OF LABOR.

THE STAR OF LABOR.

This poem was read at a mass-meeting of the United Labor party, held at Metz's City Hall, August 31, 1878.

Hail to the beautiful star of the toiler,
Dispersing the gloom which tyranny spread;
Old Pennsylvania, the "keystone" of freedom,
Awake from thy slumber and lift up thy head.

Shine on in thy glory to elevate labor
On the brow of the West, the home of the free;
From the Falls of Niag'ra to Mexico's border
Thy radiance and beauty the toiler shall see.

Lo! thou art the star which guided the pilgrims
To build up a home on the rock-barren shore;
Thy rays made the soil of Columbia to blossom,
And millions thy blessings now humbly adore.

In vain will the tyrant attempt to o'ershadow
Thy life-giving light in the land of the brave;
Humanity ever will nobly defend thee,
For God never formed any mortal a slave.

So be of good cheer, that day is approaching
When right shall prevail o'er oppression and wrong;
Then the hallowed cause of labor will flourish,
And the country no longer to Shylocks belong.

Defenders of labor, march forward to honor;
Let the day of election your power explain;
Be firm to your trust and kind to each other,
And the rights you have lost, you ere long will regain.

MAHANOY CITY, August 30, A.D. 1878.

THE TOILERS' COMING DAY.

CHEER up, ye famous sons of toil,
Let hope illume each breast;
'Tis you have made the deserts bloom
So fertile in the West.

The foes of labor cannot stand
In this enlightened age,
But all who justice manly sway
Shall live on glory's page.

The God of labor ne'er designed
That you as slaves should be
To satisfy the greed of man,
But happy, kind, and free.

'Tis in your power to arise
And shake the fetters off;
Then why repose beneath the frown
Of those who on you scoff?

Be faithful to your honor'd trust,
And by each other stand;
And when you see your comrade fall,
Then give the helping hand.

Judge not his country nor his creed,
But aid him all you can;
By doing so you will unfold
The God-like soul of man.

Ten thousand hearts will love your name,
And all your efforts bless;
And when you slumber in the dust,
The world your deeds confess.

To hope and pray, and pray and hope,
Will only be in vain,
Unless you work with all your might
Your honest rights to gain.

Wait not for other men to do
What you should do to-day;
Let every man perform his part,
And with no more delay.

Then soon will dawn the toilers' day,
When Justice shall expand
Her angel-wings of Truth and Right
In triumph o'er the land.

MAHANOY CITY, March 13, A.D. 1878.

A VOICE FROM THE MINES.

Behold upon Columbia's shore
The noble sons of toil,
That labor hard from morn till night
Beneath the rugged soil;
And yet oppression wants to strike
Those men so good and brave,
To chain them to the tyrant's will
And make each man a slave.

But still upon the ambient air
Sweet music doth resound,
That freedom and the "rights of man"
Live on this sacred ground;
And from our vales and mountains dear
Now forty millions sing:
All honor to those manly sons
That to their union cling.

O'er all this great and lovely world,
From zone to zone, I see
His bright majestic works of love
Who formed us here to be.
United e'er in heart and hand
Through life's uneven way,
To cheer our dreary moments with
True friendship day by day.

Then stand, ye sons of freedom's cause,
The same as oft of yore,
And break the fetters that would bind
A toiler on our shore;
Then man unto his fellow-man
Will ever faithful be,
And peace and harmony prevail
With joy from sea to sea.

EAST NANTICOKE, March 24, A.D. 1875.

THE BUCKVILLE BLACKSMITH.

The following lines were written when the Hon. John Parker was working at his trade in Mahanoy City. "Buckville Blacksmith" is a *nom de plume* he attached to his literary productions while working in Buckville, near Tamaqua, Schuylkill County, Pa.

TUNE, tune, thy rustic harp,
That echoed with the morning lark,
So sweet in days of yore;
Swell, swell that music sweet,
My heart rejoicingly would greet
Its melody once more.
For there's music in thy lyre,
And joys that doth the soul inspire,
Spreading happiness around;
Where a heart of sorrow's found,
A balm to every troubled wound
Within the human breast.

'Tis not to please the gay
That you upon your harp do play
So well from morn till night.
No, no; but like a man,
To do in life all that you can
For things to go aright.
'Tis to earn the bread of life
For your children and your wife,
Constituting joy and love,
As designed by Him above,
While you, as happy as a dove,
Play on your rustic harp.

Well done, thou noble son,
Thou dost thy course of duty run,
One of the Vulcan race.
Thus driving care away
That labor's dignity may sway
And want and woe deface.
May thy old familiar harp
Live within the toiler's heart!
'Tis to men like thee, who give
All their energy to live,
That shall the full reward receive
Of honor and renown.

MAHANOY CITY, June 3, A.D. 1869.

THE UNITED LABOR PARTY.

FORWARD! march forward! ye sons of the brave,
For duty is calling our country to save;
Why bend to the will of the tyrants so long,
While the goddess of Freedom is chanting her song?

Awake from your slumber, no longer forego
The blessings which freedom upon you bestow;
As the fathers who fought for that freedom so brave
Would disdain to behold you reduced to a slave.

They adjure us we all should be firm to our trust,
And to never bow down, as poor serfs, in the dust;
That the home-seeking toiler may ever find rest
On the bountiful soil of the beautiful West.

One century has gone since sweet Liberty sang
Her anthem, when this great republic began,
And the hands of the toiler have made it to bloom;
And brought out the wealth that was hid in the tomb.

O freedom! O freedom! how precious thou art!
May thy sacred presence ne'er from us depart!
Let labor and science with pleasure expand
O'er the length and the breadth of Columbia's land.

The republics of Greece, once the pride of the world,
Their emblems of freedom for ages unfurled,

And gained for their people a wide-spreading fame,
Till Mammon reduced them to discord and shame.

Lo! Egypt, the cradle of science and art,
May never from history's pages depart;
Yet her pyramids tell us in language so clear
'Twas vanity shortened her useful career.

Great Babylon! what shall we say of thee now?
Desertion and sorrow are seen on thy brow.
'Twas the idols of Mammon that caused thee to fall,
Which the writing foretold that was seen on the wall.

Thus proud Eastern powers, alas! passed away,
Though the sceptre of greatness they boldly did sway;
And their dignified splendor no more will be seen
For long have they perished through Mammon, I ween.

And art thou, Columbia, to perish the same?
Must thy grandeur and glory be covered with shame?
O God! stay the deluge! Let Columbia retain
The honor her forefathers bravely did gain.

We blame not the wealthy, who willingly give
What is honest and fair that the toiler may live;
But the tyrant who kneels every day at the shrine
Of Mammon is guilty of infamous crime.

May prosperity crown us and justice sustain
The wants of the nation till harmony reign!
Then forward to honor, progressive and bold;
Let a dollar in greenback be equal to gold.

MAHANOY CITY, October 29, A.D. 1877.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

THE FENIAN PATRIOT,

JOHN JOSEPH SMYTHE.

Old Erin, the Eden of poet and hero,
I feel for thy wrongs though not from thy shore,
For my native land like thee now is trodden
By despots and tyrants who robbed us of yore.
But still thy old shamrock is verdant as ever,
And thy lakes and thy cascades their beauty retain,
While the name of thy saint still lives in each bosom
That longs for the freedom of Erin again.

Thy brave, noble sons that fought to defend thee,
Their deeds are engraved on each patriot's heart;
And live will the fame of old Erin in story,
For loyal her people have acted their part.
Though driven to wander by cruel oppression,
The sun will yet burst in effulgence on thee,
And joyful the exile return to his country
To sing of her glory when Erin is free.

Thy beautiful harp which vibrated in Tara
The anthem of freedom and fame of the brave,
Will chant forth the strains of Excelsior to honor,
For liberty's God will old Erin yet save.

Then proudly her green flag on river and ocean
The strength of her power all nations shall see;
And the exile in triumph return to his kindred,
No longer a wanderer from Erin to be.

Oh, Erin! how dear is thy lovely green shore
To thy sons, who are struggling thy freedom to gain!
In visions they see thy fair goddess of yore,
That long has been bearing captivity's chain.
Echo forth from the halls of old Tara once more,
Sweet lyre, the glory of liberty's reign;
Bold Fenian, unfurl the green flag on thy shore,
And the rights of old Erin in triumph maintain.

THE SOLDIER OF LIBBY PRISON.

Well done, thou faithful soldier,
I love thy manly form,
For clinging to the Union
In every troubled storm;
Through all the hardest battles
Thou fought till war was done,
So 'mong the records of the brave
Let Stacey's name be one.

It was thy sole ambition
To hear the bugle swell
The notes of freedom's music
Through every vale and dell;

And even when a captive
In Libby's cruel den,
Through all its misery and woe
Thou wast undaunted then.

And nought but death could sever
The love thou didst possess
Towards thy country ever
When in the worst distress;
For when all hopes were blighted
Thy prayers would then ascend:
"O God, sustain my country, do,
And all her rights defend."

At length salvation sought thee,
And brought thee from the cell,
But what thy sufferings were there
No human tongue can tell;
For wrinkled is thy manly brow,
Thy cheeks have lost their bloom;
But, John, there's life reserved for thee
Where dwells no shade of gloom.

Look forward, then, brave soldier,
Thy deeds are ever bright,
And live they must upon the page
Of justice, truth, and right.
Thou'rt worthy of a hero's praise,
That fought when war begun,
And loyal to thy country stood
Till victory was won.

Then, all honor to the soldier;
In gratitude we bless
The virtue of his noble heart,
His valiant manliness.
The hardships of the war he stood
Until it all was done,
So 'mong the records of the brave
Let Stacey's name be one.

UPPER LEHIGH, June 24, A.D. 1873.

HAIL CENTENNIAL!

HAIL! thou day of freedom's glory,
Hail it, all ye sons of song,
Chant the great chivalrous story
How Columbia sails along.
Look how proud her flag is floating
On the balmy zephyr's breast;
And her eagle still is wafting
'Round the banner of the blest.

Chorus.—Hail Centennial of our glory,
Sing Columbia's fame abroad;
Hail it, brave and loyal people,
In the name of freedom's God.

Hail it in the name of martyrs
Who for freedom bravely fought,
On her vast domain and waters,
With their blood our charter bought;

To their mem'ries—bold defenders—
Let each heart its tribute pay,
While the bards in grateful numbers
Hail the great Centennial day.

Hail it all with rapt devotion,
That the stranger here can find
Refuge from a tyrant nation,
To throw the shackles off his mind.
See the three and forty million
'Round her blest and favored shrine,
While radiant shines her constellation
With laurels of a Western clime.

Hail it ev'ry stream and river;
As you flow both night and day
Forward to the deep receiver,
Chant it on your gliding way.
And ye warm Pacific waters
Swell the anthem as you flow,
That Columbia won her honors
Now one hundred years ago.

Hail it all ye woodland warblers,
Fairest animated throng,
As beside the crystal waters
Ye greet the dawn with cheerful song.
Let your notes in triumph quiver
On the dewy air of morn,
That Columbia's great protector
Brought her safe through ev'ry storm.

Hail it ev'ry shrub and flower,
Stately oaks and lofty pines,
Shady grove and fragrant bower,
Mountains, valleys, hills, and plains.
Hail it for Our Country's Father,
Who now sleeps beneath its sod,
North, South, East, and West together,
In the name of freedom's God.

Chorus.—Hail Centennial of our glory,
Sing Columbia's fame abroad;
Hail it, brave and loyal people,
In the name of freedom's God.

MAHANOY CITY, February 19, A.D. 1876.

ALL HAIL TO OUR CHIEFTAIN.

Written upon the election of Rutherford B. Hayes to the Presidential chair.

ALL hail to our chieftain, the chief of the free;
Bid the eagle soar proudly in triumph and glee,
With the Stars and the Stripes for its emblem to wave,
To honor our soldier and chief of the brave.

The hero of freedom, so valiant and bold,
The voice of the people has chosen to hold
The seat of a chieftain to rule and control,
And his deeds on the pages of fame to enrol.

'Tis not by the use of the bayonet or sword,
Nor the roar of the cannon we often have heard,
But the North and the South, the East and the West,
In union and love be united and blest.

Let the past be forgotten, our chieftain proclaims;
Blot out every wrong which a freeman disdains;
May the goddess of virtue and liberty hold
Her shield o'er the faithful, the gallant, and bold!

Float proudly, old flag, o'er the home of the brave;
No coward shall own us, no traitor or knave.
We welcome the homeless from ev'ry far shore,
And the God of our freedom we'll trust and adore.

Three cheers for the Union on land and at sea!
'Neath the Star-Spangled Banner the captive is free.
Excelsior our motto in all of our ways,
When led by our soldier, the brave, noble Hayes!

MAHANOY CITY, March 16, A.D. 1877.

"The Unknown Grave" is that of Benjamin F. Barth, who was slain at the siege of Vicksburg. He was a private of Company T, Second Battalion, Fifteenth Regiment U. S. Infantry.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

AIR: "*The Dawn of Day.*"

To thee, thou youthful hero,
My muse thy praise shall sing,

For loyal to the sacred cause
Of freedom thou didst cling.
Soon as the bugle sounded
To call the true and brave,
Thy aid thou willingly didst give
The rights of man to save;
But ere thy sun ascended,
The prime of manhood's life,
Thy noble, patriotic form
Fell in the deadly strife;
And where thy dust lies sleeping
No one on earth can tell,
But in the bosom of the free
Thy fame shall ever dwell.

How oft thy faithful father,
And tender mother dear,
In fond remembrance speak of thee,
While flows affection's tear!
For thou wast ever to them
Their solace, joy, and pride,—
The only son in whom their trust
They truly did confide.
But in life's dewy morning
Cold death did cruel come
To sever thee from comrades dear
And bosom friends at home,
Then in some unknown chamber
Did leave thee to repose;
But still the God of liberty
He will thy grave disclose.

Oh, peace be to thy slumber,
Thou valiant, noble son!
Thy name will deck the hero's page
While time its course shall run.
Although above thy chamber
No monument will stand,
Yet live thou wilt in every breast
Through Freedom's favored land;
For now o'er forty million
In gratitude proclaim
All honor to the soldier brave
Who did our cause sustain.
That flag thou march'd beneath
To free the colored slave,
The same dear flag is floating still
Above thy unknown grave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO MY BROTHER,

WILLIAM A. DAVIES (The Golden Miner).

BY DAVID DAVIES.

Brother, I hear your noble voice
  Resounding from yon distant vale,
And making countless hearts rejoice
  That long have sighed o'er sorrow's tale.

Press onward! raise your banner high,
  Defend the poor, down-trodden slave;
Behold the day is drawing nigh
  When Justice o'er your cause shall wave.

'Tis not to violate the laws
  That you so bravely do engage
Your efforts in the miner's cause,
  Against the fierce oppressor's rage.

Ah! no; Jehovah sees the course
  Which you have justly, nobly led,
To guide mankind by moral force
  To earn in peace their daily bread.

Oh, touch your rustic harp again,
And swell the chords with joyful sound;
And in a sweet, exulting strain
Inspire the sons of toil around.

SLATINGTON, PA., October 18, A.D. 1877.

OBJECTS I LOVE.

I LOVE the sweet flowers that richly adorn
The fields when arrayed in their glory;
For often their odor enlivens the heart
That disease and misfortune makes sorry.
But still in the breast of the good and the brave
There flowers more verdantly bloom:
"Love, Friendship, and Truth" will never decay,
Though their garden be laid in the tomb.

I love the sweet voice of the warblers to hear
When the sun smiles on earth in his beauty;
For the mind of the pilgrim they frequently cheer
As fulfilling the callings of duty.
Still dearer to me is the voice of a friend
Whose pleasures I've had to forego;
A word from his lips in the midst of a storm
May stop the rough tempest to blow.

I love the old stream which meandereth forth
Through the beautiful vale of Wyoming,
For oft on its banks I have joyfully sang,
And delighted to gaze on it flowing.

But, oh! what is this to the streamlet of love
Which flows from one soul to another?
For the fountain of life is the source of its flow,
And is destined to flow on forever.

With pleasure I view all the wonderful works
Of that Being who brought them together;
But more grateful by far that man is to me
Who is ever my friend and my brother.
Yet how few do we find in the journey of life
On whom we can firmly rely!
But there is a City beyond the blue vault
Where friendship it never can die.

PLYMOUTH, March 27, A.D. 1875.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A MINER.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the town of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, on the 2d of January, A.D. 1841. At an early age he migrated to Merthyr, and there got employment in the mines as a trapper, or door-boy. Like the majority who are brought up to mining, he had no ambition for learning; his only ambition was to delve in the coal strata, and, as a miner, could use the implements of mining to perfection.

At the age of twenty-two he emigrated to America, and made his home in Shamokin, Northumberland County, Pa. He had not spent two years in Shamokin before he moved to Mahanoy City, and here remained

for ten successive years, with the exception of short periods which he passed in the upper counties during depressions of the coal trade in this.

To say he was fearless in danger would hardly delineate his character, for he was even daring, and, without the least sign of excitement or shadow of fear, would work in places where many a miner would be afraid to enter.

It was no trouble to him to make a living where a living could be made, for his attentiveness to the callings of duty and his long practice made him an accomplished digger.

With no desire to detract or add anything to his life, I shall simply narrate incidents of him, some of which may be interesting to the man who earns his bread in the sweat of his face, and, anon, awaken the sympathies of the more favored in behalf of the oppressed toiler of the mines. How strange it is that the men who earn their living down in the dark deep strata are so little thought of! What a change would soon be wrought in behalf of the men in the mines if the monopolist would take this sentence for his motto: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

But, ah! how little sympathy
Is to the person shown
Who toils in danger's gloomy den,
Uncared for and unknown!

How cheerful at the break of morn
The miner wends his way,
To work all day in smoke and gas
For such a trifling pay!

No rays of Phœbus can illume
His dreary place of toil,
A captive to all pleasures which
Are known upon the soil.

The following verse from the pen of the famous geologist, Eli Bowen, will corroborate my statement concerning the neglected and abused workers of coal:

"The army hath its pensioners, the sons of ocean rest,
When battle's crimson flag is furled on bounty's downy breast.
But who regards the mining slave, that for his country's wealth
Resigns his sleep, his pleasures, home, freedom, and his health?
From the glad skies and fragrant fields he cheerfully descends,
And eats his bread in stenchy caves, where his existence ends!"

The mortal of whom we write ere he attained his thirty-sixth year became the prey of miners' consumption, and felt that he was sinking to a premature grave. As a last resort toward the restoration of his health, he thought that a visit to his native land would recuperate his strength, and, peradventure, keep him afloat upon the billows of life a few years longer. After a voyage of ten days he landed upon the shores of Cymru, and revisited the places of his younger days.

But the change of climate was of no avail; the seed of mortality had entered his system and he realized that his time on earth was but short.

Like many others, he had occasionally yielded to the temptations of Bacchus and wandered from the path of holiness and peace; nevertheless, he believed that the Friend of sinners had not forsaken him; that there was still balm in Gilead for his perishing soul; and devoted the remainder of his days in perusing the Book of Life, and obtained forgiveness from a sin-pardoning God.

Though closing his career in his native Gwalia, he still thought of his beloved parents in America, and being deprived of bidding them adieu in the parting hour, he solicited his friends to send a lock of his hair to the land of the West for his affectionate parents to keep in remembrance of him.

Thus ended the life of JOSEPH JENKINS, one of Pennsylvania's coal-diggers, and we hope that his generous spirit reached that heaven of repose "where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore."

Sweet be thy sleep on Gwalia's shore,
Thy name to many a heart is dear;
Although we cannot say no more,
For thee hath flowed affection's tear.
So sleep until the trump shall sound
To wake thee from the silent ground.

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS.

The following lines were written for Mrs. P. A. Bissell upon the death of her little daughter, whom she called by the doting name of Mamie:

My once lovely flower, the pride of my heart,
Here lonely I'm thinking how soon we did part;
As opening thy petals their fragrance to give
The Saviour did call thee, 'long with Him to live.

'Tis often, my Mamie, I see thy dear form,
That cheered my low spirits when dark was the storm.
But still it is only fond memory alone
That brings thee before me, the lost one of home.

Sometimes I am troubled, and anxious to see
Through the veil that now hides thee, my Mamie, from me.
But I hope I shall see thee in that Eden above,
Where the angels are chanting their sonnets of love.

Thy kind, gentle voice often falls on my ear,
And thy footsteps they seem to approach me so near
That my arms I extend to caress thee, my dove,
And kiss thy dear lips in compassion and love.

But, oh! 'tis my feelings are excited and wild
As reflecting upon thee, my amiable child.
Yet 'tis wrong I should languish thy smiles to forego,
Still no heart but a mother's such feelings doth know.

I would not recall thee when passion is o'er
From the land of the seraphs, that beautiful shore.
For the blight of disease will not touch thee again,
Ever free is thy spirit from anguish and pain.

No longer, my Mamie, for thee will I pine,
But yield to the will of my Saviour divine.
His precepts they tell me, that the pure in heart
Shall meet in His kingdom and never more part.

So farewell, my darling, and comfort of yore
Till we meet on the banks of that angelic shore.
Then forever we'll sing the sweet anthem of love
To Him who redeemed us and brought us above.

LINES TO JOHN LUCAS.

Mr. Lucas, of Pottsville, delivered a fine address at the Eisteddfod, held in Metz's City Hall, upon the singing of the Welsh in Philadelphia, and the applause they elicited from critics of music throughout the world. Mr. Lucas is a gentleman who takes quite an interest in his nationality, and feels proud to see them ascend in the scales of literature and publicity.—December 25, A.D. 1879.

Thy soul delights to hear the muses sing
Their anthems on this free and hallowed shore:
Their muse recalls to thee what Gwalia was
When lovely bloomed her vales in days of yore;

When Gwalia's flag in triumph proudly waved
On every mountain and in every vale;
When strains of glory echoed from her harp,
And freedom did each hero's heart regale.

Though scattered now through all the lands of earth,
The Welsh they still are known in fame and song:
Through all the ages of the earth to come
The Muse and Harp to Gwalia shall belong.

MAHANOY CITY, December 26, 1879.

THE EISTEDDFOD ENDED.

THUS ended the jubilant day of the Cymru,
A day of instruction in science and art;
The best institution that ever was founded
That wisdom and pleasure can yield to the heart.

THE RICHNESS OF CHRIST.

Translated from the Welsh.

COMPARED with Christ our treasure
All India's wealth is dross;
Worth more than earth He bought for us
One day upon the cross.

UNION.

These lines were read at the close of a lecture which the author delivered to the K—— of L——, in the Co-operative Hall, Mahanoy City, October 23, 1878:

UNION, union is heard on every hand
Through all this great and highly-favored land;
The aerial species chant it in their song,
And crystal waters as they flow along,
Until they reach their destined place of rest
Where all are in one final union blest.
The beasts of prey they oft together roam
Within their solitary woodland home;
The wandering red man whom we oft offend,
He smokes his pipe soon as he meets a friend.
And must the white man, the cultured and the free,
Remain apart and disunited be?
What! the brave and famous sons of toil,
Whose hands have cultivated this rich soil?
Come, give me thy hand with all thy heart,
And we will never from this union part.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.

Written in a Bible which was presented to Jean Harris, while at service in the city of "Brotherly Love," by her beloved parents, Herbert and Mary Harris.

DEAR JEAN, we beseech thee this volume to read,
'Twill give thee such counsel as thou wilt e'er need;
Though far from thy parents 'twill find thee a friend,
To know Him and love Him is life without end.

THE BELLS OF MAHANOY.

I LOVE to hear the Sabbath bells
Peal forth their tones of joy;
How dear to me the Sabbath bells,
The bells of Mahanoy!

Chorus.—Hark! hark! hark!
The Sabbath bells are ringing;
Hark! hark! hark!
The bells of Mahanoy.

Though wearied by the week that's gone
Which gave to me employ,
I feel inspired from the bells,
The bells of Mahanoy.—*Chorus.*

I've heard the bells of many a town
E'er since I was a boy,
But none whose music I'd compare
With these of Mahanoy.—*Chorus.*

The tones I often hear them peal
Are free from vain alloy;
Long may they chime their sacred tunes,
The bells of Mahanoy.—*Chorus.*

MAHANOY CITY, August 4, A.D. 1879.

A VERSE ON PRAISE.

'Tis well to praise when praise is due,
It stimulates the mind;
And did we always this but do,
I'm sure more friends we'd find.

Mahanoy City, July 28, A.D. 1879.

THE WEEPING MOTHER AND HER DYING CHILD.

On the first Sunday in October, A.D. 1872, I went to see an old friend, by name J. B. Jones, and as I entered his dwelling Mrs. Jones was weeping over the form of her dying child.

As from the radiant summit of the zenith,
Old Phœbus was retiring to the West;
And silent was the hum of all industry
Upon that Sabbath, the sweet day of rest.
When lo, a scene aroused my feelings wild,
The weeping mother and her dying child!

Beside the cradle of her darling babe
The kind mother sat o'erwhelmed with grief;
Her tears bedewed the tender, lovely form
That shortly was in death to find relief,

And soar into a fairer clime than this,
Where death can never cross its bounds of bliss.

The dark blue eyes of the departing child
  Were centred on some scene from human sight;
Perhaps the scene was angels standing 'round
  Waiting to guide it to that land of light,
Where verdure decks its peaceful, lovely shore,
And pain and anguish are felt nevermore.

The watchful eyes of the fond mother gazed
  Through tears upon the little dying form,
While to and fro its troubled bosom heaved
  By the sad tumult of the parting storm;
Quicker and quicker at last its bosom rose,
Until it sank in peaceful, calm repose.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" the weeping mother cried.
  "And art thou gone, my only joy and pride?
Oh! cruel death, how couldst thou take my child
  And leave me here so lonely to reside?"
The scene was one I had not seen before,
And trust I shall not see the like no more.

Ah! who can tell the feelings of a mother,
  Her days of sorrow and her nights of care,
The conflicts she has often to encounter,
  And yet how frequent scant and coarse her fare!
Hard is the heart that does not love its mother,
For like her here on earth there is no other.

Oh, no! not one who has the sacred charms
  To soothe, caress, and for her child provide;

For her, dear soul, it is a sea of love,
That's always flowing with affection's tide.
But dry those tears, for thou again shalt see
The lost of home where parting will not be.

WANAMIE, October 12, A.D. 1872.

THE HARLEIGH MINE DISASTER.

SLOPE No. 3.

This ballad is a tribute to the memory of Joseph Pearson and James Murrish, who perished on the 20th of June, A.D. 1877.

HARK! what means this cry of sorrow
That from Harleigh echoes 'round?
What has happened to the toilers
Who are working 'neath the ground?
Oh, my God! the rocks have rended
On the miners in their cave,
And no aid of human effort
Can the noble miners save.

Oh, how sad the scene to witness,
Black Creek runs into the ground,
Human aid is strained to rescue,
But the victims can't be found!
There beneath the massive strata
Must the helpless miners stay,
To await the resurrection
Of the bright, eternal day.

Murrish kept his widow mother,
The wants of home he did supply;
He to her was kind and tender,
But severed now the kindred tie.
Gone is now her faithful Murrish,
Her only friend and comfort here,
For his humble form is sleeping
'Neath the cold and gloomy pier.

Cruel death! to rob the widow
Of support and comfort here,
And to change a home of gladness
To a dark and dreary sphere.
Still there's one who will befriend her,
Seated on His throne above;
He's a husband to the widow,
Full of mercy, grace, and love.

Turn thy eyes, poor weeping widow,
To thy friend beyond the sky;
He will verify His promise,
Thou canst on His word rely.
He in every storm will shield thee
'Till thy journey here is o'er,
And in peace and love will guide thee
To His holy, happy shore.

There no cruel death will part thee
From the ones thou loved below,
But in that celestial city
Shall thy bliss forever flow.

Peace be to thee, aged widow,
While thou here among us stay;
Trust thou in the loving Saviour,
He'll befriend thee ev'ry day.

Listen to the little orphans
Of the noble Pearson cry;
Oh, methinks their tones of anguish
Echo to the heavenly sky.
Seven are left upon the mercy
Of this world to seek for bread,
For their faithful father sleepeth
In a cold and silent bed.

Helpless widow with thy orphans,
What must now thy feelings be?
Who can heal thy broken spirit,
Or consolation give to thee?
God of love, in mercy help them,
Thy compassion now bestow,
For 'tis Thou alone can comfort,
Only Thou their feelings know.

Thou hast said unto the orphan,
That a father Thou wilt be,
And a husband to the widow,
A friend to all who trust in Thee.
None need be afraid to trust Thee,
For Thy love remains the same,
And not one have been rejected
That to Thy throne of mercy came.

Pearson was a faithful father,
And a husband kind and true;
Friend to all he met in trouble,
His equals they are very few.
Severed is the friendly feeling
Which he had for all mankind,
Still his memory will flourish
Grateful in each toiler's mind.

Ah, how few regard the miner,
Braving dangers in the mines,—
In the dark, deceitful strata,
Where no ray of Phœbus shines!
How cheerfully at early dawn
He from earth descends below,
But ere the morning sun has set
May receive the fatal blow!

And yet through all he hardly gets
The means to buy his bread,
Without the many luxuries
Which God has richly spread.
Oh thou that wealth may now possess,
Use not the oppressive rod,
But justice to the toiler give,
Obedient to thy God.

HUMANITY'S DEFENDER.

To John Edmunds, of Minersville, Schuylkill County, Pa.

Dear Sir,—Having known you from my boyhood to be an advocate of the rights of labor, I desire you to accept these few lines from your old friend,

The Author.

Gwalia, the land of harp and song,
Thy sons are known in ev'ry land;
They always brave oppression's wrong,
Though few the number of their band.
They flinch not at the traitor's knife,
Nor yield when in the deadly strife.

Oppressed humanity ne'er found
No truer sons than left thy shore;
Their hearts to freedom's call resound,
And at its shrine love to adore.
Their record of departed days
Is now the glory of their lays.

The Cymru's motto e'er has been,
Unsullied, "Truth against the world;"
And such all nations long have seen
Where'er their banner was unfurled:
For equal rights to all mankind
We now can in their annals find.

The music of their language finds
An echo in each patriot's heart,
That ever will with truth combined
Resist the traitor's cruel dart.
Though scattered now on every shore,
The harp vibrates like that of yore.

Gwalia, of one who left thy soil
My muse this tribute loves to sing;
One of thy noblest sons of toil
That to the rights of man does cling.
Although his locks they now are gray,
The pilgrim is the same to-day.

In vain oppressors oft have tried
To daunt his brave and generous soul;
Yet manly have they been defied,
His moral suasion holds control.
So honor give who honor won,
Long live the name of Gwalia's son.

MAHANOY CITY, August 13, A.D. 1880.

AN ODE TO POVERTY.

POVERTY, thou art the meanest, worthless wretch
That e'er across a mortal's threshold came;
Thy physiognomy I really fail to sketch,
Or even find for thee a proper name.
Methinks that even clans in ev'ry den and alley,
They wept and groaned like crocodiles in pain

When thou wert forced upon this earth to tarry,—
To wrong the world by thy unhallowed reign.
Cursed be the one who gave to thee thy birth;
Thou art the direst scamp that came to earth.

The earth to-day beneath thy iron rod
Is crushed into a sad and weary mass.
The starving mother, tottering, tries to stand,
To see if thou, oh, fiend! wilt let her pass.
The aged sire, near the brink of death,
Implores of thee to let him walk along,
While nearly choked by thy inhuman breath,
He dreads the language of thy flaming tongue.
And e'en the merry youth upon the street,
He fears thy awful, serpent form to meet.

Philosophers in vain will try to prove
That thou art needed by the human race;
To please the rich from wisdom's path they rove,
And try to bring a smile into thy face.
But, ah! 'tis mock'ry, sophistry, indeed,
To drop the slightest word in thy behalf;
Unnumbered are the hearts that daily bleed
By being dragged into thy dismal path.
Virtue is sold at thy uncouth command
To satisfy the lust of sinful man.
Thy scourging voice is heard in ev'ry land
Where men must toil beneath a tyrant's ban.

Oh, what a change on earth would soon be wrought
If thou into oblivion couldst be driven!

Each one to love and friendship would be taught,
And strive to reach the sacred shore of heaven;
The wilderness, though barren, bud and bloom,
And flowers spring where thorns and thistles grow;
A cheering light disperse our present gloom,
And streams of pleasure to us ever flow.
Then man to man in friendship would remain,
And seek no more the filthy lucre gain.

AN ODE TO A FRIEND.

TO J. A. WAGNER.

This ode to thee I freely chant
Upon my rustic harp,
And may its music ever find
An echo in thy heart.
For discord never yet was known
Within the soul to stay,
That takes the gracious words of life
To guide it on its way.

Rise not upon ambition's flight
To seek for earthly fame;
Too many have the guerdon sought,
And fell to grief and shame.
But drink from the immortal fount
Of knowledge all thy life,
'Twill save thee from a thousand snares
Of malice, woe, and strife.

The superstructure thou hast laid
Of what thy life may be;
Ascend in progress that will bring
New blessings unto thee.
Still walk within the narrow path
In which thou long hast trod,
And pleasant will thy journey be
To the City of our God.

The Christian has no need to fear
The foes which he may meet;
His armor naught can penetrate;
He thinks not of defeat.
For well he knows that strength divine
Will bear him safely on
To that bright Canaan, where his hope
Is firmly fixed upon.

Although Apollyon oft may try
To turn thy feet astray,
But march thou on with willing step
Within "the good old way."
Remember 'tis the pure in heart
That always gain the day,
Who lean upon the Sacred Rock,
And ne'er forget to pray.

May the mantle of humility
Be ever thine to wear;
For they who are adorned with it
The Cross can truly bear.

It is the glorious standard
On which thy soul can rest;
That will at last admit thee in
To everlasting rest.

MAHANOY CITY, July 2, A.D. 1880.

"QUID PRO QUO'S" EPITAPH.

HERE sleeps the form of poor old Pill,
Who died, I'm sure, against his will;
He lived to benefit mankind,
And this we through his life can find.

Although he lived to good old age
Against the will of many a sage,
All insults were as pills to him,
They troubled not his lofty whim.

From street to street round Mahanoy
He'd drive along so full of joy;
But if his "stamps" he'd fail to get,
He'd scold and curse until he'd sweat.

In politics of every kind
His rival it was hard to find;
All Democrats he knew indeed,
From old Jeff Davis to Boss Tweed.

And as a jockey he was one
That knew the time a horse could run;
But if a horse he could not rule,
He'd quickly change him for a mule.

In law he really was expert,
And judge or jury could divert,
For he had studied many a book,
And seemed to have a Blackstone look.

To sue or be sued, all the same,
So that in print he'd see his name.
Life's comic side he did enjoy
When he had on his corduroy.

To females he was quite polite,
And loved to linger in their sight;
The magic smile upon his face
I hardly think Raphael could trace.

Whiskey he loved so very well,
How much he drank 'tis hard to tell;
Methinks an ironclad could float
On all that went into his throat.

Still, no matter, whether straight or tight,
At middle day or middle night,
For to his calling he was true,
He was the best I ever knew.

From wisdom's fount he deeply drank,
And nobly gained the highest rank;
To cure the sick was his delight,
And that he done with all his might.

Though poor old Doc is now asleep,
And his eyes no more their vigils keep,
His name will live on history's page
As the chief physician of his age.

Let Charity her mantle throw
On all his faults while here below;
His heart was of a pumpkin size,
And ne'er was covered with disguise.

So peace be to his place of rest,
May naught disturb his tranquil breast.
My muse has sung with free good will,
"With all thy faults I love thee still."

MAHANOY CITY, February 8, A.D. 1877.

THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR HIS FRIEND.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE GRIFFITHS, OF PLYMOUTH, PA.

OH, cruel harbinger of death!
Thy mission thou hast fill'd again,
And changed a home to grief and gloom,
Where joy and harmony did reign.

Regardless of the orphan's cries,
And heedless to the widow's tears,
Thy ruthless hand hath struck the blow,
And fill'd their hearts with doubts and fears.

And now the world, the cold, cold world,
Is open'd to their lonely view,
For he who was their only friend
Through death has bid them all adieu.

The voice that cheer'd the humble cot,
The hands that toil'd to earn them bread,
No more on earth will active be,
But silent sleep in death's cold bed.

Oh, wise and gracious God of love,
Wilt thou their friend and refuge be?
For all on earth thy children are,
To no one can they turn but Thee.

So in this period of distress
Do Thou the hand of love extend,
For all the wounds that death has made
The "Gilead balm" alone can mend.

Oh, aid us, Lord, with strength divine,
To be submissive to Thy will;
So that precepts Thou hast given
We may endeavor to fulfil.

Sweet be thy sleep, my friend of yore,
Near Susquehanna's lovely stream;
Now all thy cares and toils are done,
Yea, gone for aye life's dreary dream.

So, friend or stranger, whom thou be,
That may pass by the silent mound,
Tread gently o'er the miner's grave,
That toil'd through life beneath the ground.

So now adieu to thee, dear friend,
And peace be to thy place of rest;
Thy name is stamp'd on mem'ry's page,
Thy image lives within my breast.

Again I say, dear friend, adieu,
Thou son of toil, now all is o'er;
Adieu, adieu, ten thousand times,
Farewell, farewell for evermore.

PLYMOUTH, March 14, A.D. 1873.

THE CAMBRIAN BROTHERS.

Written on Hugh and Morris Hughs, of Pittston, Luzerne County, Pa.

AIR: "*The March of the Men of Harlech.*"

BROTHERS from that Isle of beauty
So renown'd in fame and story,
Where still lives the Druid's glory
Of the good and brave,
'Twas for freedom that your kindred
Fought so true and undivided,
Until oppression had subsided,
All their rights to save.
Hear the harp vibrating,
Heroes deeds a chanting.
Live they will in memory still,
Though long they have been sleeping,
And while ages will be rolling
Gwalia's sons will e'er be marching
Forward unto freedom's calling,—
Honor and renown.

Noble, true, and faithful brothers,
You have roamed the same as others

From that Isle where verdure covers
All her lovely shore.
Still it was with pure intention
That you left your native Britain,
To arise in life's condition
Higher than before.
Now you have attained
That to which you aimed,
And mankind delights to find
That you are so united;
Onward still you are progressing,
While the bard he is a chanting
The famous brothers of Wyoming,—
Hugh and Morris Hughs.

Always ready, kind, and willing,
The poor and needy's wants relieving,
And the wanderer ever cheering
On life's troubled way.
Every human cause to honor
Far as lays within your power,
As you journey on life's tour,
On from day to day.
Friendship ever yielding
While to fame ascending,
Spreading 'round those joys profound
Which thousands are a seeking;
Thus on human hearts engraving
Deeds of virtue that's undying,
And unto the world displaying
Gwalia's good and brave.

PLYMOUTH, LUZERNE CO., PA., January 30, A.D. 1875.

MARCH ON, ADONNA'S SON.

Thomas Vincent, the subject of these lines, won the medal of competition on instrumental music at the Wyoming fair in 1874. He was at that time the leader of the Cornish American Band, of Plymouth, Luzerne County, Pa.

MARCH on, march on, Adonna's son,
For fame is truly thine,
Its garland will thy name adorn
While roll the wheels of time.
Thy music e'er with rapture sounds
Upon the fragrant air,
And warblers try thy strains to sing,
Thy glory thus to share.

The stream of music bursting forth
From thy aspiring band
Oft animates the pilgrim's mind
In this our favored land.
The languid breast and gloomy eye
New life and vigor gain,
And floating on the gentle gale
It cheers the distant plain.

In youth the goddess sang to thee,
And titled thee her son,
Then 'round thee threw her sacred robe
To chant while life would run.
Obedient to her wise behest
Thy duty thou hast done,

And onward will thy progress be
'Till sinks thy latest sun.

All honor to the great of yore
Who sang the heroes' fame;
Their music oft my soul inspire
And kindles to a flame.
But still my heart with passion moves
To thee, brave son of toil;
For independent thou dost earn
Thy living 'neath the soil.

It is to men of humble birth
That gratitude belong,
Who rise from labor's noble cause
To chant a victor's song;
For such must ever valiant stem
Life's cold opposing wave,
And many a genius 'neath it sank
Whom sympathy could save.

But march thou on with willing heart
To reach the lofty spire,
For *bonâ fide* thou wilt obtain
The pearl thou dost desire.
With hand and voice we'll aid thee on
The course thou hast begun,
And proudly say to all the world,
Thou art Adonna's son.*

PLYMOUTH, June 9, A.D. 1875.

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* Adonna was the goddess of Music (according to mythology) worshipped by the Romans.

CONST METZ'S WEDDING-DAY.

All hail to Cupid and his friends,
So youthful, kind, and fair,
Who at the marriage altar stands
While music fills the air.
All nature is arrayed in bloom,
And ev'ry thing looks gay,
While sweetly echoes forth the song,—
'Tis Metz's wedding-day.

Chorus.—Ring, ring the bells,
And swell the joyful lay;
Ring, ring the bells,
'Tis Metz's wedding-day.

Oh, what charming sight to see
Two hearts unite as one,
To aid each other on through life
Until their work is done!
At such a scene the soul delights
To chant its cheerful lay;
Long live the bridegroom and the bride,—
'Tis Metz's wedding-day.

Then throw dull care and grief away
And join the merry throng,
In honor to the youthful pair,
And swell the festive song.

'Tis meet we all should happy be
On this eventful day;
One of the grandest we have seen,—
'Tis Metz's wedding-day.

LINES ON A TYRANT IN MAHANOY.

Of all the men I've ever seen,
From Tydvil's Well to Fiddler's Green,
I never saw the like.
He is the worst of all mankind
That any mortal man can find,
In color black or white.

To call him Judas is not right,
Or say he's black because he's white,
And sways a large control.
His hair is of a lightish gray,
His visage worn by time's decay;
He's nearing to his goal.

To see him walk around the streets,
And how the "upper ten" he greets
With such a fancy smile,
You'd give him Angel for a name,
And say that from the skies he came
Quite free from any guile.

Oh, hypocrite! the worst of men,
To sing, and pray, and say Amen
With such a muddy soul!
Old Beelzebub will have a treat
When he aside him takes a seat,
To stay while ages roll.

If Satan has a wooden leg,
When he gets there he'll burn his peg,
And then pull off his shoe;
He'll tell the imps they cannot find
No acts or tricks of any kind
Too mean for him to do.

When this vain tyrant takes his flight
To where there is no shade of light
Upon that dismal shore,
We hope the onions won't be dear,
So that we all may shed a tear,
And say, "Jack is no more!"

THE SON OF OLD VIRGINIA.

Written upon the son of Mr. and Mrs. Greenwell, of Norfolk, Va.

Thou model of beauty, be the pride of Virginia,
May thy future adorn our records of fame
As one of the sons of old famous Virginia,
Whose fame through all ages will e'er be the same!

'Tis the dear native land of the patriot father
Who fought for the freedom of this favor'd land;
Mayest thou ever cherish his virtue and honor,
The promising son of a Washington's land!

May the Stars and the Stripes be ever thy mantle,
And Providence shield thee as time rolls along!
Always cherish the deeds of the heroes of freedom,
And sing of their glory with the poet in song.
Be cheerful and courteous in all thy endeavors,
And the needy assist with thy heart and thy hand.
Confide in that God who will ever befriend thee,
Thou promising son of a Washington's land.

THE COT ON CYMRY'S ISLE.

THERE is a place on Gwalia's shore
To which my heart doth cling,
That calls to mind a thousand scenes
I'll ever love to sing;
Ye scenes of childhood's happy days,
When nothing could defile
My pure innocence of heart,
In the cot on Cymry's Isle.

'Twas there my tender mother dear
First pressed me to her breast,
And chanted forth some humble theme
To soothe me to my rest.

Her eyes did watchful o'er me keep,
With many an angel smile,
And oft she breathed a prayer for me
In the cot on Cymry's Isle.

Ah, yes! 'twas on that hallowed floor
She taught me first to say
My humble ode, at night and morn,
To the Author of my day.
The precepts of the truths divine
She on my heart did file,
Which adds a lustre to those scenes
In the cot on Cymry's Isle.

The field that by the cottage blooms
I've wandered o'er with glee,
And loved to hear the foliage throng
Warbling their matinée.
Ye tranquil days of long ago,
So bright your hallowed smile,
That will in memory ever live
With the cot on Cymry's Isle.

Though now arrived at manhood's age,
And oft with cares oppress'd,
The sacred memories of the past
Do cheer my languid breast.
And now from home and kindred dear
I've roamed ye many a mile,
But still in gratitude I bless
The old cot on Cymry's Isle.

And when my last declining sun
  Is nearing to the west,
In full submission to the will
  Of God's divine behest,
No other favor would I ask
  Than to repose awhile
In Merthyr field, among the flowers,
  By the cot on Cymry's Isle.

PLYMOUTH, February 12, A.D. 1873.

E. B. C., OR THE BENEFACTOR OF DRIFTON.

THE lovely bright herald of day was descending
  To repose on the gold starry throne of the west,
And the warblers were chanting their anthem of evening
  Before they retired to the woodland to rest;
And filled was my soul with the glory of nature,
  Though weary I felt from the heat of the day,
When first I beheld thee serenely a-standing
  Near the gate of thy mansion, a-side of the way.

Ah, yes! 'twas thee, benefactor of Drifton,
  Who a paradise made of the desolate sod;
For roses and flowers in beauty are blooming
  Where the feet of the wandering red men have trod;

And sweet, happy homes all round are located,
Where the sons of industry do peaceful reside,
Enjoying the comforts which God has provided,
While in one another they friendly confide.

The strata of earth to thee are familiar,
With their systems of coal and their layers of ore,
From the crust of the soil to its adamant basis
The treasury of gems thou lov'st to explore;
Thus making thy life unto others a blessing,
And spreading the fragrance of kindness around,
For which the world ever will gratefully bless thee
When thou art reposing in slumber profound.

Go on, benefactor, in thy progress of honor,
Thy works are engraved on the tablets of fame,
And the hum of industry in the valley of Drifton
Will echo for ages the sound of thy name.
May blessings divine be spread on thy pathway
Till thy mission of virtue is ended below,
Then long with the friend of thy bosom exalted,
To live where the fountain of glory doth flow!

IMPROMPTU.

A VERSE TO DUNCAN.

We welcome thee, Duncan, the workingman's friend,
Whose motto is truly our rights to defend;
Our hopes are dependent on thee for success,
And thy name in old Schuylkill we ever shall bless.

IMPROMPTU.

UPON THE INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.

ALL hail with honor and esteem
Our kindred officers elect;
May all in sympathy combine
Their worthy duties to respect!
And may our noble order shine
In glorious light through ev'ry clime!

December 17, A.D. 1874.

IMPROMPTU.

BLOOM on in thy beauty, "Court Lincoln," forever,
A refuge to all who may enter thy grove;
May thy number be legion to honor thy greatness,
And chant forth thy merit in concord and love.

No. 5468, A. O. F., July 15, A.D. 1875.

IMPROMPTU.

ON THE BIRTH OF MARY ELIZABETH TURRELL.

OF all the sweet flowers that bloom,
And their odor and verdure disclose,
'Tis few in this garden of life
Can excel thee, thou beautiful rose.

So fair as the lily thy form,
Untainted by sin or its blight;
Thy presence is hail'd by us all,
Mary Lizzie, with joy and delight.

May Providence e'er be thy shield
Through all the vast changes of time,
And thou ever yield to His will,
In accord with the volume sublime!

HATTIE REYNOLDS.

Impromptu while hearing this young lady sing the "Flower-Girl," in Metz's City Hall, September 23, 1879.

HATTIE, thy voice is harmonious,
Thy inspiring songs are glorious;
Sing on until, victorious,
The fadeless palm be thine.

No warbler e'er chanted his music more sweet
Than the music I hear in thy voice;
The folligers ne'er can outvie thee in song,
For thou makest the heart to rejoice.

"QUID PRO QUO" ASLEEP.

SONG FOR THE MILLION.

I saw poor "Quid Pro Quo" asleep,
His arms were stretched apart,
A snoring like a Chester hog,
To soothe his troubled heart.

Chorus.

Oh, leave poor "Quid Pro Quo" alone,
Do not disturb his rest;
For little do we know what are
The troubles of his breast.

Disgusted with the ways of men,
His brain was racked about;
No more he'll steer the "Newsy Ship";
He really is played out.—*Chorus.*

Poor Quid, he toils from morn till night
To bless the human race;
While the inhuman printers try
His writings to deface.—*Chorus.*

If printers and their "devils" were
All sent to Whitmore Lane,
"Old Quid" would be a man once more,
And soon ascend to fame.—*Chorus.*

But oh, *mine Gott!* whilst poor "Old Quid"
Does daub with ev'ry tribe,
As sure as death, they'll play him out,
And turn him then aside.—*Chorus.*

Oh, do not toil for nothing, Quid:
Leave all the trash alone;
And work no more for editors,
Whose hearts are made of stone.—*Chorus.*

The late excursion it has touched
The soft place on his head,
And now he thinks the Bacchus crowd
They by the nose were led.—*Chorus.*

They changed the article he wrote,
Which surely was not right,
And boldly glued it to the tail
Of Bergner and Engle's kite.—*Chorus.*

MAHANOY CITY, July 1, A.D. 1879.

THE PLYMOUTH STAR.

ALL hail to the lovely, bright Star of Wyoming,
The pride of the fairest Elysium on earth,
Each lover of freedom doth welcome thy coming,
And with pleasure reviews the blest day of thy birth.

For years hast thou been on thy progress ascending,
A guiding the traveller in safety along;
And uplifting the head of the poor and the weary,
While the gloomy thou'st cheered with the music of song.

Thy noble ambition has e'er been "Excelsior,"
The needy to aid, the brave to defend,
And the rights of the toiler thy loftiest theme,—
A lover of freedom, to the stranger a friend.

The deeds of the hero in thy columns are blended
That fought for the Union so valiant of yore,
When the eagle first plumed her wings o'er the summits,
And bade tyranny flee from America's shore.

Yea, true to the cause in which millions now glory,
Thou hast stood 'mid the storms that beclouded thy way,
And rose by thy virtue to honor and splendor,
The greatest of heralds in Wyoming to-day.

Long may'st thou shine in thy radiance and beauty,
With the truth for thy shield and justice thy aim,
The glorious defender of humanity ever,
With God for thy ruler, and freedom thy claim.

Fear not, though assailants may attempt to oppress thee,
Be firm to thy trust in the rage of the storm,
And turn not aside from the course of thy duty,
But let kindness and wisdom thy pages adorn.

Go forth then again on thy mission exalting,
Till the rays are expanded o'er land and o'er sea;
The pride of thy country, the joy of thy people,
And a blessing to all that may gaze upon thee.

IMPROMPTU.

Upon hearing the Hon. Jerome Buck deliver an oration on "Ancient Foresters," making use of the allegories of Faith, Hope, and Charity, in Odd-Fellow's Hall, Hyde Park, Luzerne County, Pa., August 18, A.D. 1875, Mr. Buck being the H. C. R. of the A. O. F. at the time.

I AWOKE from my sleep in the bowers of love,
And, lo! by my side was a beautiful dove;
Her form it surpasses my pen to unfold,
For her plumage was dipped in a river of gold.

A breeze from her wings invigored my sight,
As silent I gazed on her image of light.
My silence was broken in feelings of shame,
And I sought of the angel her dignified name.

She said, "I am Mercy. I've wended my way
From the mansions of glory in Eden to stay.
So, son of the forest, thy sins I forgive,
And thou with thy Saviour forever shalt live.

"Though Justice demands thee from Eden to go,
There still is an Eden thy spirit shall know.
So roam in the forest along with the deer,
And wipe from thy cheek that sorrowful tear.

"Dear forester, roam to the star of the West,
And there with the goddess of Liberty rest.
Oh, tell her that Mercy thy legacy gave
To live in the land of the free and the brave."

I'll send a Jerome thy rights to defend,
And a Washington brave with his eloquence blend.
So when thou hast ended with Mercy and Love,
I'll guide thee in peace to the Eden above.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF WYOMING MASSACRE.

To Frank Lape, Esq., of East Nanticoke, who is a descendant of one of the first families that settled in Wyoming Valley, this is respectfully dedicated.

ADVENT'RERS of Wyoming's vale,
Ye heroes of departed days,
Your fame resounds o'er hill and dale
Wherever shines the starry rays.
Your record lives in every heart
Beneath the ensign of the free;
Where freedom sways her sacred part
Your names will dear to mem'ry be.

One hundred years ago ye fell
Beneath the fierce and savage foe;
And yet no human tongue can tell
What you that awful day did know.
The purple flood that from your veins
Dyed Susquehanna's lovely stream,
The annals of the brave sustains,
The past is no Utopian dream.

From Campbell's ledge the yelling host
They pour their cruel warriors down;
They lurk in bands around the coast,
Ready to swoop upon the town.
The faithful white man at his post,
He bravely dares the mighty throng,
And fights with will that few can boast,
Though weak to stand the contest long.

Lo! sixteen hundred of the fray
Assemble on the eastern shore,
And ev'ry artful trick they play
Devised by superstitious lore.
Deceitful Tories aid them on,
Until the Kingston fort they gain;
And there, the fiends, they rush upon
The helpless throng till all are slain.

With joy that only demons know
They laugh to see the flaming fort;
No mercy will the fiends bestow,
But yell and jump in frantic sport.

Even the cattle of the field
They torture with revengeful skill;
All creatures to their rage must yield,
Till satisfied their savage will.

The evening shades their ravage stay,
The night they spend in dance and song,
And hail the dawning of the day;
For human gore their thirst is strong.
Then o'er the Susquehanna glide,
And on to Wilkesbarre they go,
In marching columns side by side,
To fill the little town with woe.

The seventy Continental braves—
They yield, their clemency to seek;
But, ah! no mercy from the knaves:
They know the loyal band is weak.
Brave Captain Bidlack nude they strip,
And pierce his form with splints of pine;
Oh, God! why should a savage rip
Torture an image so like Thine?

Three thousand helpless victims flee
For refuge to surrounding woods;
While Tories, with satanic glee,
Burn up their homes and all their goods.
Alas! the lovely verdant vale
Is filled with sad, appalling gloom,
And few are left to tell the tale
Of those who met a cruel doom.

Thus ended the assassins' rage,
They from the horrid scenes retire;
No longer can their wrath engage
With scalping-knife and sword and fire;
For desolation wide hath spread,
Though nature wears her garb of green;
The fields are dotted with the dead,
And Phœbus mourns for nature's queen.

Had that one thousand gallant band,
Who went to fight for freedom's sake,
But known the Indians there would land
And burn their lov'd ones at the stake,
They would have met them on the way,
Ere they with Tories could unite,
And their inhuman progress stay,
Which mortals shudder to recite.

Too sad the scenes to ponder o'er,
My muse must leave them with the past;
For this enlighten'd age no more
Shall with the days of yore contrast.
The time has fled in which the foe
His sceptre swayed throughout the vale;
And peace and friendship now we know,
Which doth the toiler's heart regale.

Although the red man claims his birth
Upon this highly-favored soil,
Did not the Lord of all the earth
Give ample room for men to toil?

He ne'er designed Columbia's vaults,
So full of copper, coal, and gold,
Should there remain as worthless faults,
For mortals never to behold.

When man in Eden failed to yield
Unto the dictates of his Lord,
He bade him cultivate the field,
And trust upon His holy word.
Creation's Lord did not deface
The God-like image of His child;
He gave the earth for him to trace,
But not to wander rude and wild.

Where'er thou art may kindness be
Engraved upon thy lofty brow;
Remember, mortal, thou art free,
But to thy Maker humbly bow.
Let charity within thy breast
Forever find a place to stay,
In answer to the wise behest
Which guides thee on to endless day.

Descendants of the noble dead,
Forgive the red man for the past;
Your works have on to glory led,
That through the tide of time shall last.
The wreaths of fame which now entwine
Around the banner of the brave,
In truth and harmony combine
Our land from foreign foes to save.

God of the seraph and the dove,
Our Great Defender in the past,
Oh, guide us by Thy grace and love
To overcome each cruel blast!
Our freedom, Lord, we owe to Thee;
We thank Thee for what Thou hast given.
God bless this day, our jubilee,
And lead us to Thy rest in heaven!

[NOTE.—"It is supposed the total killed was one hundred and sixty; one hundred and twenty in the battle and forty in the massacre."]

THE COLORED PATRIOT OF 1776.

LET the angel of virtue her record disclose
Of the Christian, now sleeping in silent repose;
His life, like the sun, through all ages will shine
With radiance and beauty that's nearly divine.

Though thrown when a boy on the billows of life,
In a period when malice and envy were rife
Towards ev'ry soul of his color and race,
Yet his principle nothing could ever deface.

The spirit of liberty fired his soul,
Which a mother's affection had failed to control.
To God and his country his service he gave,
Fearless of danger or a watery grave!

Like Casabianca, the boy of the Nile,
He would not his name or his country defile.
On the Altar of Freedom his heart he had laid
With the zeal of a hero, of death not afraid.

The "powder-boy" bravely stood firm to his trust,
'Midst the din of the battle, the smoke, and the dust,
Till the gallant bark "Louis" the victory won,
Though the "Lawrence of Britain" the contest begun.

This brilliant achievement gave vent to the flame
Which inspired his soul in Liberty's name.
Again he embarked on the "Louis" to serve,
And never was known from his duty to swerve.

As cruising around in defence of the right,
They suddenly had to surrender or fight;
But far too uneven the contest would be
For the "Louis" alone to encounter with three.

By the "Amphion," "Nymph," and "Pomona" were flanked,
And as captives of war they quickly were ranked.
On board of the "Amphion" our hero was sent,
With feelings, no doubt, too sad for comment.

But the God of the Ocean protected His child
When the struggle for freedom was raging and wild:
The captain admired his frankness and way,
And made him an offer 'long with him to stay.

"No, no! Captain Beasly," was the ready reply;
"I would rather, indeed, as a captive to die
Than accept any offer you ever may give;
As a foe to my country I never could live.

"Though a pris'ner of war on the 'Amphion' to-day,
To the land of my birth this tribute I pay:
No matter how strong the temptation may be,
America, my heart truly clings unto thee!"

When Beasly discovered he could not prevail
On his young, little captive for England to sail,
He had him consigned to that frigate of gloom,
"Old Jersey," where thousands had met with their doom.

But the captive ere long found a chance of escape
Through which in an officer's chest he could make;
Yet that to a friend, called Brewton, he gave,
Which exhibits a heart both noble and brave.

But the captain, he felt as a man ought to feel,
Though his heart may, perhaps, be compared unto steel;
Yet he did not forget in a letter to send
A word, which proved to the captive a friend.

So soon as the list of exchanges had come,
The name of the kind, noble captive was one.
The joy that he felt when the tidings were told
No mortal, I ween, will ever unfold.

A pris'ner of war seven months he had been,
And suffered abuse which was plain to be seen;
But naught could discourage his resolute will,
His duty and trust he was bound to fulfil.

So he nobly ascended to honor and wealth,
But thought of his fellows as well as himself;
His benevolent heart would gratefully flow
To all whom a sign of misfortune coul l show.

When life was in danger he was willing to save,
For seven he redeemed from a watery grave.
While the beautiful Delaware flows on its way
'Twill sing of his glory by night and by day.

He did what he could for his down-trodden race
To break all their fetters of pain and disgrace.
But his spirit it fled to the mansion of God
Ere his people were free from a slave-dealer's rod.

With Garrison now, in that land of the blest,
James Forten is truly enjoying his rest;
The angel of death can part them no more,
They are safe on the soil of the evergreen shore.

MAHANOY CITY, May 23, A.D. 1880.

THE CHARITABLE CHRISTIAN LADY.

WRITTEN, DESIGNED, AND DEDICATED TO SOPHIA COXE, OF DRIFTON.

"THE CHARITABLE CHRISTIAN LADY.—The lady referred to is Mrs. Sophia Coxe, of Drifton, in this county. Mrs. Coxe is a lady of immense wealth, whose life is passed in endeavoring to benefit and improve the condition of her less fortunate fellow-mortals. It is impossible to convey in this brief space allotted to us any adequate idea of the good work she has accomplished. It is only necessary to say that she is held in the highest veneration by the countless numbers whom she has benefited, and that prayers and blessings to her name arise daily from hundreds of households. The poet has but given expression to the feelings of all who know her, and his rhythmical lines cannot but be hailed with delight."—ED. *Plymouth Star*.

THE sun was arrayed in his mantle of glory,
Transforming the hills and mountains to gold,
And the silvery streams were meandering softly,
As an angel of virtue I chanced to behold,
Whose actions of kindness like pearls are adorning
The wreath of her fame that in future must live,
While a gem doth remain in the vault to be shining
The name of Sophia its lustre will give.

From the dawn of her life her soul is a fountain
Of gratitude, purity, friendship, and love,
And onward 'twill flow in its grandeur and beauty,
Because 'tis replenished from the fountain above.
Oh, benevolent soul, how many have found thee
Their only support when the billows did roll,
And thousands again in future will bless thee,
When thou art approaching the end of thy goal!

I have read of the noble recorded in story,
Who have won by their deeds undying renown;
But none do I know of that ever excelled thee:
In the cause of humanity they cannot be found.
'Tis the joy of thy heart to aid the distressed,
And all that misfortune hath driven astray;
For thou art unto them an herald of mercy,
A seeking their welfare from day unto day.

In the volume sublime thy faith is reposing,
And thou knowest the pure their Saviour shall see,
For thou hast dissolved thy pearl in that fountain
The Redeemer long opened when nailed to the tree.
God grant thee, Sophia, and also thy consort,
Long life to adore Him 'pon this earthly shore,
And when life is ended may you enter that glory
Which awaiteth the people of God evermore!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE dauntless defender, the mortal so brave,
Who devoted his life to unshackle the slave,
Has accomplished his work and gone to his rest,
To receive his reward in the land of the blest.

From the fountain of Freedom he drank in his youth,
And became the exponent of Justice and Truth.
In the beautiful path of Virtue he trod,
And fervently knelt at the shrine of his God.

Though deprived of a father when only a boy,
In his mother he found consolation and joy;
From the precepts she kindly engraved on his heart
Through all of his journey he did not depart.

Her counsels to him were as beacons of light,
That guided his steps in the course of the right.
In Liberty's cause he was willing to die,
For he oft did the threats of the cruel defy.

The misfortune which liquor had brought to his home,
By causing his father from the circle to roam,
Created within him abhorrence of rum,
Which made him the wiles of the Tempter to shun.

But to live for himself was not his desire,
The mind of the drunkard he tried to inspire
With esteem for his manhood, and hatred of drink,
So not in the vortex of ruin to sink.

By his Temperance Press and his eloquent voice
The despised and despondent he made to rejoice.
His moral persuasion and kindness did save
Even victims of Rum, near the brink of the grave.

His labors of love in the Green Mountain State
Generations to come will in triumph relate.
The gracious memorial to Congress he gave,
Was to free the dejected and down-trodden slave!

Ere twenty-six years he had lived to behold,
Persecution he suffered that ne'er can be told;
For cruelty, slander, and malice were shown
To one of the kindest that ever was known.

That vessel of horror called "Todd" for a name
For a cargo of captives to Baltimore came;
When freighted with mortals she went on her way,
Toward Louisiana bearing her prey.

Our bold pioneer in the "Genius" averred
Such a trade was in conflict with God's Holy Word;
"I'll expose ev'ry one in prose and in verse
Who belongs to that vessel and prove it a curse!"

This manly assertion went forth like a dart,
And buried its barb in the slave-dealer's heart;
Who sought for revenge ev'ry technical claw
That meanness could find in the hands of the law.

Soon before a tribunal the enemy brought
Humanity's friend, who was guilty of naught.

Fifty dollars of fine he was sentenced to pay,
And also the cost of the court to defray.

But he had not the means with the law to comply,
And, as such, was unable his foes to defy.
So to jail he was taken, and there had to stay
'Till forty-nine days slowly glided away.

Yet the gloom of the prison he broke with his pen,
And heralded forth through valley and glen
The wrongs which he suffered for trying to wave
The flag of the free in behalf of the slave.

But kind Arthur Tappan released him from jail,
That the law should no longer the Christian assail;
For he knew that the great "Vindicator" was right
In guiding the people from darkness to light.

Like an eagle when free from her fetters he rose,
And the traffic in mortals he tried to oppose;
"My voice must be heard in the cause I define,
For I really believe that the work is divine."

In the city of Boston no place could he find
To speak upon Freedom, the theme of his mind,
'Till a party or sect, we, infidels call,
They kindly allowed him the use of their hall.

He accepted the offer, appointed the day,
And appeared to his auditors free from dismay.
He declared that the Bible to him did unfold
Man should not be bartered for silver and gold.

"Have you heard not the prayers, the sorrowful cries,
From the poor and oppressed to the God of the skies?
Hark! pray what is that voice now calling to save?
Oh, God! 'tis a tyrant that's flogging a slave!"

So ably he pictured the dark-colored race,
Their suff'ring and bondage Columbia's disgrace;
And earnestly prayed that the day were at hand
When a captive no more would be known in the land.

In one thousand eight hundred three tens and a one
He the work of the great "Liberator" begun,
And gave it a motto which none could despise;
It assisted the poor from the dust to arise.

"All men are my kindred, my country is the world,"
Then humanity's flag he bravely unfurled,
Which the Creator intended forever should wave
O'er the head of a Freeman and not of a slave.

Though he had not the wealth which he ought to possess
When nobly he started the wheels of his press,
Yet Providence opened the heart of a friend,
Who type and material did willingly lend.

When in deep meditation which means to contrive
That really would aid him in business to thrive,
Fifty dollars' subscription James Forten did send,
Which gave him more strength with the foe to contend.

That benevolent city called "Brotherly Love"
Has always been shielded by help from above.
The blood still is pure which runs through her veins;
Her record is free from all national stains.

From this famous city "Liberator" did find
The truest of friends 'mong the tribes of mankind;
For Caleb H. Needles was the first one to give
His name, with his money, so that it might live.

Nor can we forego to sing of the name
Oberlin, the city of refuge and fame;
There sympathy, friendship, and aid he received,
For the people in liberty firmly believed.

Ere the bold "Liberator" one year it had been
Outspreading its wings for liberty's sheen,
The Legislature of Georgia so cruelly said,
"Five thousand we'll give for the editor's head."

But God in His mercy looked down from above
On the friend of the friendless in pity and love.
In accents of kindness He spoke to his soul,
"Fear not, I will lead thee to the end of thy goal."

Like a giant the advocate went on his way,
Defending humanity day after day.
"At the North or the South, the East or the West,
The oppressed I'll defend 'till called to my rest."

In the thirty-first year of his merciful life,
As nobly contending with foes in the strife,

An act so inhuman on him was imposed,
Which nearly destroyed the life he disclosed.

At the "Female Convention," by special request,
The hero appeared as the speaker and guest;
But a riotous party the meeting disturbed,
Who were seeking revenge, for such they averred.

When he saw that the rabble their rage would not stop,
He endeavored to hide in a carpenter-shop,
Which then was located at the rear of the hall,
But into the hands of the vicious did fall.

In loud cries of anger their victim they bound,
Then roughly descend him with a rope to the ground;
And, lo! there he stands partly stripped of his clothes,
To fall once more in the hands of his foes.

Through the city of Boston he's dragged like a brute
For daring the wrongs of the slave to confute;
And to rescue his life the mayor of the place
Then sent him to jail to end the disgrace.

These sad, shameful scenes at last disappeared,
And the man so abused became loved and revered.
He attained to the zenith of honor and fame,
And all nations of earth love to speak of his name.

When the struggle for freedom had come to an end,
The brave pioneer was called to attend,
As a guest of the nation, with pleasure to see
On Sumter unfurled the flag of the free.

To him this was glory and honor indeed,
That four million souls from bondage were freed;
In tears of compassion he gave thanks unto God
For destroying the curse from his dear native sod.

"Hosanna! All honor, Jehovah, to Thee!
Ev'ry soul on the soil of Columbia is free;
No more will the form of the once trodden slave
Be sold by a tyrant and bought by a knave!"

The numberless tributes they strewed at his feet,
Of wreaths and of flowers, so fragrant and sweet,
Was to him quite a contrast with days that had past,
When weapons of wrath at his person were cast.

Although 'twould be rather ungracious to say
That this was the close of the patriot's day,
Yet certain we are 'twas the grandest and best
He ever had seen in the land of the West.

To the circle at home he was really a guide,
A father in whom they could truly confide.
To his friends he was faithful, lib'ral, and kind;
His equal, I ween, we seldom shall find.

His triumphant career on the chronicler's page
Will e'er be a theme for the poet and sage.
As pure and fresh as the life-giving sea
The name of William Lloyd Garrison will be.

MAHANOY CITY, January, A.D. 1880.

THE WANDERER'S FRIEND.

ASCRIBED TO THEODORE HAMMER, OF MAHANOY CITY, PA.

Sweep o'er the golden cords again,
And let the strains expand
Through all Columbia's blest abode,—
The freeman's favorite land,—
While truth and justice brightly shine.
In one we always find
The same in every sphere of life,
A friend to all mankind.

Though many storms have crossed his path
In this uneven life,
Yet wrongs or injuries could not
Excite his soul to strife.
The hand of kindness e'er he gave,
And friendship ever won,
Until the world delights to sing,
"Well done! Columbia's son."

His motto e'er hath truly been
To progress in the right;
And difficulties ne'er could cause
His purposes to blight.
Through every gale he's struggled on
Until renown he's won,
And with esteem all love to speak
Of kind Columbia's son.

In every cause of human aid
His free and noble heart
Hath ever aided to extend,
And gave an ample part.
No wanderer passed his cottage door
On whom misfortune run,
But what would surely find a friend
In free Columbia's son.

Defender of the rights of man
Hath he unswerving been.
The acts of kindness he has done
The world hath plainly seen.
And like the stars that lovely shine
Upon the briny deep,
They'll add a lustre to his name
When he must silent sleep.

Long may the rose of human love
Bloom in his manly breast,
And spread its fragrant odor round
Till sank with age to rest.
Then with the noble of our race
His name shall live as one
Upon the pages of the free,
Columbia's honored son.

When this aspiring muse of mine
Will cease to tune no more,
And struggling with its mother dust
For that immortal shore,

I'll not forget one friendly act
That Theodore once done,
But try and raise my feeble voice
To bless Columbia's son.

THE ONLY ONE AT HOME.

["About four years ago Mr. Augustus Harrison, now of Plymouth, went to Pittsburg to reside, when his wife and infant child were removed by the hand of death. Two other children were left to the bereaved husband, one of whom was placed in charge of a relative, and the other, Mary Harrison, remained with her father, and is now 'the only one at home.' This brief, every-day history suggested to the poet the following touching lines."—ED. *Plymouth Star.*]

AM I the only one at home?
Oh! tell me where they are
That 'long with me some years ago
The joys of home did share.
How happy then our circle was!
Each had a cheerful tone,
But now to me how sad it seems!—
The only one at home.

I fancy oft I hear them walk
Upon the cottage floor,
And often turn as if to greet
My mother at the door;

But still 'tis but my troubled mind,
By being here alone,
That is reflecting on the past,—
The only one at home.

Before the vision of my sight
I see her angel form
Upon whose breast I sought repose,
So safe from every storm.
Oh, dearest friend I had on earth,
Why am I left alone
To face this world with all its cares,—
The only one at home?

Oh, kind and tender mother dear,
For thee my tears doth flow;
Although thy fond caress and kiss
I ever must forego,
But still I hope we there shall meet
Beside that sacred throne,
Then never more will I be left
The only one at home.

PLYMOUTH, October 19, A.D. 1874.

GOD KNEW WHAT WAS BEST FOR HIS CHILDREN TO DRINK.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF PAMPHILIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., NO. 719, MAHANOY CITY, PA.

The following beautiful sentiment upon which I have written this poem fell from the lips of Philip A. Bissell, M.D., of Mahanoy City. While gazing upon a glass of water, of which he was about to partake, he exclaimed in truth and sincerity, "*God knew what was best for his children to drink!*"

Let Bacchus exult o'er the wine-cup with glee,
But give me the water that's sparkling and free.
No mortal who takes it to ruin will sink,—
"*God knew what was best for his children to drink!*"

Time cannot change it: 'tis forever the same,
And as pure as when from its Maker it came.
So cool and refreshing it aids us to think
"*God knew what was best for his children to drink!*"

In ample profusion it flows on its way,
For the poor and the rich, by night and by day.
How many have fallen o'er ruin's dark brink
By changing what God gave his children to drink!

Behold, the cascade, how it leaps into foam!
The wide-spreading river continues to roam.
From duty they never attempted to shrink,—
"*God knew what was best for his children to drink!*"

In bountiful showers it falls on the earth
To save us from sad desolation and dearth !
On pavement and window so gentle its clink,—
"*God knew what was best for his children to drink !*"

How wise the arrangement and holy the plan
The Creator designed on the dwelling of man !
So perfect that all things in harmony link,—
"*God knew what was best for his children to drink !*"

Oh ! why should the beautiful image of God
Fall to a level with the beast of the sod ?
Throw down the vile tempter and break every link
That's binding thy soul to the demon of drink.

MAHANOY CITY, May 2, A.D. 1880.

CONQUERED BY WHISKEY.

"A MIDDLE-AGED man, with Napoleonic features, but meanly dressed, was before the desk in the Fifty-first Street Police Station last evening. One sleeve of his coat hung empty at his side. 'James Maxwell, of the Fifth United States Cavalry,' he replied, when the sergeant asked for his name. 'I was among the last men that General Phil Sheridan met when he dashed through his retreating troops at Winchester. I was still fighting, and it was while waving my hat above my head, to welcome our gallant general as he came to the front at the head of his rallying forces, that this was shot off. I was in the hottest battles of the Rebellion ; but that (holding up a flask nearly empty) is

the only enemy that ever conquered me.' He passed the night in a cell."—*New York Sun.*

WHY SHOULD WHISKEY CONQUER THEE?

Oh, Maxwell! 'tis to thee I sing;
Although I've never seen thy face,
The record of thy soldier-life
I love in numbers now to trace.
Thou'st bravely fought the slave to free,
And why should whiskey conquer thee?

Thou hast a heart as truly great
As ever throbbed in human breast,
That gave thee courage to defend
The Starry Emblem of the West.
And is it true that such can be,
That whiskey it has conquered thee?

Soldier of liberty and fame,
Let not thy manhood sink to dust;
Break loose the tempter's fiendish grasp
And in the God of freedom trust.
Determined say, "A man I'll be,"
Then whiskey cannot conquer thee.

At Winchester, when war was rife,
Thou didst the foes of freedom meet,
And wave thy hand above thy head
The gallant Sheridan to greet.
His presence vigor to thee gave
To free the poor down-trodden slave.

That noble hand, that proudly waved
In triumph on the tented field,
No more can aid our sacred cause,—
The lovely stars and stripes to shield.
But still thy heart remains the same;
Must rum thy soldier-life defame?

Nay, nay, in faith and manhood rise,
Lose not the fame which thou hast won;
Too proud thy people are of thee
That thou shouldst on to ruin run;
Though thou art maim'd thy soul is brave;
Pray stop, fill not a drunkard's grave!

Were not thy sufferings on the field
Enough for thee while life endures
Without the tortures of a jail,
Where justice criminals secures?
Thou wast not born to fill a cell,—
The nearest place to death and hell.

Behind the bars with fiery eyes,
Oh, God! what can a mortal be
To sink so deep in sin and shame,
All semblance to erase of Thee?
Thou fleeting prodigal of time,
Do not abuse thy form divine.

Quench not the radiant star of hope
Kind heaven to thee hath given;
Its cheering rays will guide thee yet,
Though astray thou hast been driven.

God gives to all His grace divine
Who humbly kneel at Mercy's shrine.

Although the cry of civil war
No longer echoes in our ears,
A fiercer foe assails our land
And fills us with foreboding fears.
We soldiers need in every town
To break the cause of Bacchus down.

Maxwell! of thee we stand in need,
Experience thou hast dearly bought,
For sadly hast thou been deceived
In what the school of rum has taught.
The gilded bar and tavern smile,
Both old and young each hour beguile.

With but one arm to earn thy bread,
To face the world and ev'ry foe,
The arm of God will thee defend
If thou wilt drink and sin forego;
'Twill be thy stay on which to rest
When thou art called to stand the test.

Say not that rum has conquered thee,
Crush not thy patriotic heart,
Enough of strength in thee remains,
So from the cruel fiend depart.
Like thee the tempter I have known,
And many a seed of sorrow sown.

Thou didst not dread the cannon's roar,
Nor quiver at the point of steel;
Then, soldier of our favor'd land,
Why at the feet of Bacchus kneel?
Awake from rum's deluded dream,
And drink from nature's sparkling stream.

MAHANOY CITY, April 14, A.D. 1879.

ENNIS ALGA.

The following poem was composed in fifteen minutes, and a wager won of the gentleman to whom these lines are respectfully dedicated, Solomon John Campbell, M.D., late of Mahanoy City, Pa., but now a resident of Balomena, Ireland.

OH, Erin! lovely land of song,
Shall one who never trod thy shore
Sing of thy glory and thy fame,
And at thy sacred shrine adore?

My country now like thee is trod
By despots of a cruel race,
Who chained thy harp in "Tara's Hall,"
And tried its beauty to deface.

But Erin's harp again will thrill
Its notes of freedom o'er the world;
Then will her green and lovely flag
On Ennis Alga be unfurled.

The martyr's prayer and widow's cry
Has oft ascended to the throne
Of Him who loves the human race,
And did for all their sins atone.

God freedom gave to all mankind,
And bade them on His mercy trust;
Then why should man his fellow rob,
And try to crush him in the dust?

Is it to satisfy the greed
Of those who royalty may claim
That thou must suffer grief and shame,
And in captivity remain?

Did God design thy verdant shore
Should rest beneath a tyrant's ban?
Has He ordained that man should be
A slave unto his fellow-man?

Where is such record to be found?
Who'll dare to say that such is true,
That the great Architect divine
This earth gave to a chosen few?

Can we in all the works of God
Detect the least impartial flaw?
Or find one error in the form
Of His supreme and holy law?

Oh, arrogant, deluded man,
Do not attempt to find a wrong;
The love of freedom is a germ
That does to every soul belong.

Within the cloisters of the soul
It blooms through all the years of life;
It lives in caves and prison cells,
And is with hope forever rife.

Oh, freedom's God, on thee we call,
Drive the invader from her shore,
And unto Thee we will ascribe
All praise and honor evermore.

IMPROMPTU.

Upon the opening of a court of the A. O. F., at Warrior Run, Luzerne County, July 28, A.D. 1874. No. 5877.

All hail to the circle in friendship united,
Composed of the noble, the valiant, and free;
In the bowers of love where the Foresters glory
Hath bloomed in its verdure and innocent glee.
One hundred and twenty-nine years have expired
E'er since it was founded the world to console;
And to-day are its branches of virtue extending
O'er the boundaries of earth, from pole unto pole.

IMPROMPTU.

On hearing James L. Wright, of Philadelphia, lecture upon the grievances of labor, at Mahanoy City, September 27, A.D. 1877.

RALLY, sons of labor, rally,
Brave and manly face the foe;
Let our votes the shackles loosen,
Corporations overflow.
Soon will dawn the toiler's morning
In the favored western sky;
Then will Justice fly her banner,
And her foes no more defy.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FIREMEN OF MAHANOY CITY.

BRAVE men, I love to sing your praise
Upon the harp of song!
Accept this tribute in good faith,
To you it does belong.
At early dawn or sable night
You manly face the foe,
And often risk both health and life
To stay the pangs of woe.

The warrior seeks immortal fame
Upon the field of strife,

Where only cruelty is known
And carnage always rife;
But you, for battling with the fiend,
Amid the smoke and flame,
You do not ask for recompense,
Or yet enduring fame.

When some proud chief or monarch falls
At life's declining age,
The muse in eulogy it sings
Of the departed sage;
But when a humble fireman falls
In manhood's pride and bloom,
'Tis seldom that his praise is heard
When silent in the tomb.

Vain glory, phantom of the mind,
And enemy of man,
It only lives within the breast
Of him who fails to scan
The efforts of the truly brave,
Who live the world to bless,
And by a providential hand
Are guided to success.

Ye friends of the unfortunate,
Your calling still pursue.
Such gallant deeds will ever live,
Though known but to a few.
The changes of this earthly vale
Can never blot them out;
They live upon the fadeless page,
I'm sure, without a doubt.

All honor to the soldier brave,
And to the sailor bold,
Who fights for freedom's holy cause,
But not for shining gold.
Such need no monument to show
The triumphs they have won.
They're handed down age after age
From many a sire to son.

But when the cry of war is o'er
The soldier gets a rest.
The sailor homeward steers his way
Upon the billow's breast.
And each of them receives reward
For services they've done,
In rescuing from foreign foes
The land that heroes won.

The combatants with smoke and flame,—
Pray what is their reward?
They ne'er receive the humblest gift
That justice would accord.
Amid the turmoil and the strife
Of crushing walls and fire,
The unassuming fireman's soul
Returns to God, its sire.

Thus ends the life that really lived
To benefit mankind.
Though few in number, the humane
Like these we seldom find.

And shall we not the praise resound
Of those who live to save?
Oh, yes! all but the cynic loves
To bless the good and brave.

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Long live our noble order,
The old forestic band,
That ever blooms in beauty,
The glory of our land.
For in her constellation
What sacred gems do shine,
With lustre that's immortal,
Through all the flight of time!

Her flag was first unfurled,
On England's peaceful shore,
By men of rank and honor,
Whose names the world adore.
In every clime and country,
From pole to pole around,
Her branches are a-blooming
With fruits of virtue crowned.

Our motto is "Excelsior;"
Yet not alone to live,
But to assist the needy
And consolation give;

To heal the broken-hearted
And dry the widow's tear:
A father to the orphan,
That's truly kind and dear.

And to the lonely wand'rer
Who owns no humble cot;
For such we know as certain
Is many a pilgrim's lot;
To greet him true and friendly,
And soothe his pangs of woe;
As did the good Samaritan
In days of long ago.

Good will unto all mankind
We chant with heart and voice;
For in the elevation
Of man we do rejoice;
From the untutor'd Caffre
To the Caucasian tribe,
We wish to be like brothers,
And turn not one aside.

Then welcome to our order,
The sons of every land;
To be with us united
In concord, heart, and hand;
So swell our legion number,
And let the song resound,
Live will our ancient order
Till the last trump shall sound.

A PRECIOUS GIFT.

The following lines were written in a Bible that was presented to James B. Griffiths by his grandmother, Catharine Griffiths, a few hours before she departed from earth.

WHAT grander gift was e'er bestowed
On mortal in his youth?
What gift more precious could be given
So full of love and truth?

Thy Christian friend has often read
These pages with delight,
Until each book and chapter were
Familiar to her sight.

As parting from this earthly vale
This boon she gave to thee,
And if thou wilt its laws obey
From sin 'twill set thee free.

Revere the gift—it is divine—
In memory of thy friend;
'Twill guide and shield thee all thy life
Safe to thy journey's end.

MAHANOY CITY, July 25, A.D. 1879.

TOM LEWIS'S SILVER WEDDING.

Dear Harriet, one-fourth of a century has fled
Since we at the altar of Cupid did wed,
And many a trouble 'tis sure we have seen,
But the past only seems to us now as a dream.

Our friends they have come to see us to-night,
To pay us a tribute with heart-felt delight.
With pleasure we greet them and bid them enjoy
Our wedding of silver without an alloy.

These grand testimonials they to us unfold,
We're lov'd and respected though now growing old.
We gratefully thank them for what they now give,
And hope that they long in their glory may live.

So, Harriet, we thank now that Sovereign above,
Who brought us together in friendship and love.
We humbly acknowledge His goodness and care,
And hope that the same we in future may share.

These strains of sweet music so soft and so grand
Are a symbol of those which first did expand
When the God of creation His work he had done,
And gave it to honor His dignified Son.

So, Harriet, we both will acknowledge this night
Our wedding of silver so lovely and bright,
And trust our Maker will to us unfold
That we both may enjoy our wedding of gold.

Cole's Patch, July 30, A.D. 1878.

CENTENNIAL DECORATION-DAY.

All hail to the heroes who valiantly fought
In the battles of freedom, when Tyranny sought
To sway her rude sceptre and sink to decay
The stars and the stripes that are floating to-day.

In vain will the bugle e'er call them again
The same as of yore on Columbia's domain,
Nor the roar of the cannon disturb evermore
The martyrs that sleep, for their battles are o'er.

At the shrine of the goddess of Liberty's pride
These patriots ever did love to reside,
And at her bold mandate they forward would go
To drive from their country th' oppressor and foe.

Oh, spread forth the flowers in gratitude round
The grave of each soldier that here can be found;
Though humble the tribute, we willingly give
To honor the fallen that ever will live.

For Columbia's Centennial these heroes have fought,
Though deprived of beholding the glory they sought.
Bring proudly your offerings, and write on each grave,
"Here slumbers the noble, undaunted, and brave."

Oh, sweet be the sleep of these martyrs of yore;
Let them calmly rest here till time is no more.
So give them the flowers and manfully sing
To the star-spangled banner we ever will cling.

MY FAITHFUL FRIEND SURVIVES.

Written, designed, and dedicated to my faithful and affectionate friend, David Humphreys, the well-known watch-maker of Plymouth.

Ye warblers round the flow'ry banks
Of Susquehanna stream,
Come join to wake the minstrel harp
From life's encumbered dream;
And let the maid of music play
Upon the golden lyre
In honor to my noble friend,
While joys my soul inspire.

And thou, delightful crystal stream,
Chant with the foliage throng,
As onward flows thy silvery waves
To swell the rapturous song,
And cheer that kind and gentle form
That from decline revives;
For worthy are those hoary locks,—
My faithful friend survives.

Although misfortune's cloud did rest
Upon thy placid brow,
And anguish filled thy tender breast,
Thou didst submissive bow
To that Supreme Eternal One,
Who is thy strength and stay;
For in the chamber of thy soul
There shines the heavenly ray.

Columbia, thy adopted son,
From Cymry's verdant shore,
Still lives to emulate thy praise
With those that sang before;
His faithful harp has ever loved
The hero's deeds to tell,
That fought in freedom's noble cause,
And for it valiant fell.

Nor has the field of labor been
Without thy voice and power;
The rights of man thou hast sustained
In many a stormy hour.
No offered wealth could change thy mind,
Or shake thy honored trust;
The toiler's friend thou wilt remain
Till call'd by death to dust.

No kinder, humbler soul could dwell
Within a form of clay;
For 'tis thy glory, night and morn,
To breathe thy sacred lay;
Although Apollyon doubtless tries
To turn thy mind astray;
But grace divine will bear thee up
Through life's uneven way.

The foregoing lines were written while the subject of them was recovering from the effects of an accident, but he only survived for the space of about six months.

"THE PLYMOUTH STAR."

1874.

THRICE welcome again to the beautiful "Star,"
That is hailed with delight both near and afar.
Thy freshness and lustre thou still dost retain,
And the world cannot find in thy progress a stain.

On thy fifth yearly tour thou art wending thy way,
Fulfilling thy mission without a delay,
To answer the purpose which thou wast designed,
And this in thy columns we always can find.

Fearless, untrammelled, undaunted, and free
Thou art from the day thou started to be.
Thy motto is ever the right to maintain,
And a guide to the toiler on life's stormy main.

The storms of the past thou hast nobly survived,
Though some to obscure thy light they have tried;
Yet vain are the efforts of all who attempt
That freedom of thought from thee to exempt.

Pass by thy opponents and heed not their frown,
Thy dignified labors will reach to renown,
And thy works shall survive after theirs will have flown
To the sea of oblivion, no more to be known.

'Tis not the aspiring that tries to debar
Prosperity from thee, or thy progress to mar;
'Tis only the sophist that never will give
A chance to his neighbor who endeavors to live.

The lives of such men are but meteors of gloom,
Born for no purpose, only fit for the tomb.
They exist, it is true, like the drone and the elf,
But all of their feelings are gobbled in self.

You can see them a-rambling the streets every day,
Hunting around like the wolf on his prey,
Though like angels they seem newly come from the skies,
While their hearts are as evil as the father of lies.

O cruel deception, pray what is thy age?
Or who can e'er trace thee on the chronicler's page?
Dost thou say that in Eden thy era began,
The place that we read of, where fell the first man?

If such be the case, then I wish thou couldst go
Again to the spot where contrived was thy woe,
Which has blighted the hopes of the good and the brave
That have gone, broken-hearted, to a slumbering grave.

Now, "Star of Wyoming," to thee I must turn,
Leaving cursed deception with Satan to burn;
He is welcome to have it, with all of its race,
And evermore keep it in the pit of disgrace.

So, go forward, bright "Star," in liberty's name,
Ascending with time unto honor and fame.
Be courteous in manner and obliging to all;
'Tis the voice of humanity, adhere to the call.

May the rays of thy glory in triumph expand,
Defending the flag of brave Washington's land,
And the patriot's name in thy pages be found
A-yielding those joys that are ever profound!

Ever humble and blooming, resemble the rose,
And the essence of love from thy bosom disclose.
Confide in that God whom the future can see
As a blessing to all in the land of the free.

PLYMOUTH, December 31, A.D. 1873.

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO MY DAUGHTER.

MY child, 'tis to thee that my numbers now flow;
With parental esteem I this tribute bestow.
Fourteen are the years in this life thou hast seen,
And peaceful and happy thy childhood has been.

But the days of thy childhood, my Lizzie, are flown,
Though little thou knowest of what's to be known;
For beginning thou art in the drama of life,
Which is full of deception, of sin, and of strife.

But adhere to the counsel I gratefully give,—
On the journey in life it will aid thee to live,—
Let virtue and wisdom thy person adorn,
And the mantle of meekness around thee be worn.

May the Volume Sublime be the choice of thy heart,
And ne'er from its sacred dictations depart;
Confide in its precepts, and walk in its light,
And thy steps, I am sure, will be guided aright.

'Twill cheer thee in sorrow, and soothe thee in woe,
And never will from thee its pleasures forego.
'Tis the friend of all friends, the truest and best,
And the only safe guide to a haven of rest.

No mortal of earth ever wandered astray
Who accepted the Bible his friend on the way.
'Tis the fountain of knowledge and essence of light
That leads the wayfaring to Zion aright.

In vain will Apollyon thy progress disturb
Whilst thou art confiding in God's Holy Word.
At peace with thy Maker, thou hast nothing to fear;
In danger and trouble His presence is near.

To kneel at the feet of the Master divine,
Remember this duty while life it is thine:
In reverence pray for His mercy and grace
To dwell in the life-giving light of His face.

Let not thy ambition be merely for fame,
But live for a purpose that's worthy a name.
To those whom misfortune may send to thy door,
What lies in thy power do thou for the poor.

Look not upon rum, 'tis the foe of the world,
For legions are they it to ruin has hurled.
Let the pure bright water thy beverage be,
And peace, like a river, will flow unto thee.

MAHANOY CITY, March 7, A.D. 1878.

FARRELL'S HOME.

The following lines are respectfully dedicated to Michael Farrell, of Sugar Notch, and his many friends, for the hospitality they have exhibited towards me during many social hours with them, and especially my last evening at Sugar Notch, which will never be forgotten.

WYOMING, thou delightful place,
Of thee I love to sing.
No spot on earth more dear to me
To which my heart doth cling.
For on old Susquehanna's banks
It was my joy to roam,
And call to mind the happy hours
I spent in Farrell's home.

Let others sing of foreign shores,
Where rivers flow with gold;
I covet not such wealthy streams,
So fam'd by bards of old.

Let those who love the shining ore
Live 'neath the torrid zone;
But give to me a social hour
In Farrell's peaceful home.

I've read of Rome, whose glory lives
On the immortal page;
Where Juno found the golden fruit,
And blest the ruling sage.
But give to me Wyoming still,
Where nature claims her throne,
To live and love within her bowers
Near Farrell's joyful home.

Among the many scenes of yore
There's one before my sight,
When Luna wore her silver garb
And all the stars were bright;
Each heart was then a friendly fount,
And cheerful every tone
That sang the anthems of the brave
In Farrell's happy home.

Within the cloisters of my soul,
Wyoming, thou wilt live;
No spot on earth I find like thee
That can such pleasure give.
The soul of song bids me return,
And cease from thee to roam,
To greet the noble sons of fame
Again in Farrell's home.

THE POET'S BIRTHDAY.

CHIEF bard of Wyoming and heir of great genius,
Delighted are poets to welcome the day;
Thy birthday, our hero, our joy, and affection,
We'll have consecrated in courteous array.
Three tens are the years, through goodness and mercy,
Since dear old Cambria's sweet land gave thee birth;
In spite of hard labor thou'st bravely ascended
The hill of Parnassus in triumph and mirth.

Pray let the old miser abide in his dwelling,
Let courts and their grandeurs beguiled by guard,
And let him that wishes proceed with his toiling,
But we sons of genius will welcome the bard.
The charms of sweet music shall echo the building,
The songs will be touched unto heart's delight,
All jovial companions with bumpers a-filling,
Until the approaching late hour of night.

His virtues are proved, but more is expected,
The gems of his talents in future will flow,
To the heights of their bloom his energies reaching,
So now for thy genius upon us bestow.
All things are to thee as poetical subjects,
The beasts of the forest and fish of the sea,
From marvellous rocks to the roses of valleys,
All nature's converted to music in thee.

The paths of love, hatred, deficience, and beauty,
Their failures and glory are trodden by thee,
Likewise in the realms of the heavenly regions
The orbs and their powers thy genius doth see.
God speed thy endeavors, thou friend of the muses,
And bless thy proceedings to comfort thy race;
Go on, "Golden Miner," go on, says old Dewy,
Proceed in thy dignity, power, and grace.

DEWY IDLOES.

IMPROMPTU ON MUSIC.

This verse was written in the "Plymouth Star" office to welcome the year of 1874, and was published for the carrier-boy.

LET Music lend her charming voice,
And every heart with love rejoice,
To greet the young and lovely son
Who hath his race on earth begun.
May health be seen upon his face
Long as he runs his destined race,
And from his bosom joys unfold
To all on earth, both young and old!

A VERSE WRITTEN IN A BIBLE

FOR JOSEPH X. THOMAS, PLYMOUTH, PA.

THIS is the greatest boon, my friend,
To mortals ever given;
Peruse its pages day by day,
'Twill guide thee safe to heaven.

VERSES

UPON THE BIRTH OF ANNIE DAVIS, DAUGHTER OF JAMES AND MILCAH DAVIS, OF PLYMOUTH, LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.

ANNIE, thou fair little emblem of beauty,
We welcome thy presence into our sphere;
Mayest thou ever walk in the pathway of virtue,
And have a long peaceful stay to abide with us here!

May the blessings of heaven, like the dew of the morning,
E'er nourish thy soul through the cycles of time,
That thou mayest remain the joy of thy parents,
And a pure bright star among us to shine!

THE POET'S SONG WHILE DYING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WRITINGS OF GWENFFRWD.

MAKE me a grave by the stream of the mountain,
Engrave not a line to inform who is there;
There will the green waves with music be flowing,
And blending their theme with the zephyrs of air.

You'll hear not a sound where the poet is sleeping;
Raise no memorial to give an account;
There no friend will be seen in sorrow a-weeping
To mark the lone silence at the foot of the mount.

Lay me to mould without sorrow or mourning,
Robeless and nameless, free from array;
Say not I was sad or sorry as wending
My way to the cold, silent chamber of clay.

When the dawn of the season is breaking above me,
And the cattle are cropping the grass of the spring;
When the zephyrs of morning the woods are a-waving,
The warblers as flying my music will sing.

My God and my Saviour, that lay in the manger,
Forgive all my faults, for Thy mercy can save;
'Tis Thou for the sinner on Calvary suffered,
Oh, remember my dust in the gloom of the grave!

When the trumpet does sound, and Nature is trembling
At the final theme of the earth and the deep,
I hope to arise at the will of my Maker,
My Redeemer to know as I'll wake from my sleep.

MEMORIAMS, EULOGIES, AND EPITAPHS

EULOGY ON A BROTHER FORESTER.

John P. Olliver, the subject of these lines, met with his death at No. 4 shaft, Plymouth, Luzerne County, Pa. He was a member of "Court Lincoln," No. 5468, A. O. F.

HARK! lo, the horn of the Beadle is sounding!
'Tis the sound of distress I know by its tone.
Pray what is the matter, my kindred? Oh, tell me!
For a cloud is now veiling the light of our home.

Senior Woodward, go 'round, and see who is absent;
I'm led to believe we all are not here.
Perhaps in an hour of darkness and danger
Fell one of our tribe when no brother was near.

With fraternal esteem, ye sons of the forest,
Tread gently within the court of the brave,
And listen awhile to the Woodward responding,
"Brother Olliver is gone, whom no one could save."

Oh, cover the deer with the mantle of sorrow!
For oft by its side he delighted to rove;
And sympathy ever to all he extended,
An ornament bright of the Forester's grove.

Ye beautiful throngs of the field and the forest,
Your warbling forego, let the Forester sleep;
He loved the sweet songs of yore that you chanted,
But no longer his eyes their vigils will keep.

Dear sons of Adonna in "*Saul*" so lamenting,
Come with us to escort the brave to his rest;
Here ever to sleep in the vale of Wyoming,
Where nothing shall mar the peace of his breast.

Behold, what a number do form the procession!
How solemn the march in "*Saul*" doth resound!
Till the summit is gained in the west of the valley,
And there his remains are consigned to the ground.

In gratitude then, near the form of the sleeper,
The chief he delivers a retiring ode;
An emblem of time is dropped in the chamber,
And each brother shakes hands o'er his silent abode.

The scene, so pathetic and solemn, is ended,
True friendship has paid her last tribute of love;
And the dust of the pilgrim is left a-reposing
Till that day, which is endless, shall dawn from above.

So peace to thy rest, kind husband and father,
Thy presence we'll miss in the forest and grove;
For true to the cause of humanity ever,
Thy soul full of love and compassion did move.

Though never again we shall meet in the circle
Where Unity, Concord, and Benevolence bloom;
But we hope we shall meet in that hallowed city,
Which is free from the cold, gloomy shade of a tomb.

Now, farewell unto thee, and sweet be thy slumber,
No more with affection than this can we say,
But hope thou wilt rise at the sound of the trumpet
In triumph to gaze on that glorified day.

PARTING OF THE TWINS.

Written in memory of Edward Phillips, photographer, Ystrad Gynlais, South Wales, who departed this life November 18, A.D. 1873. The deceased was the twin brother of Jenkin D. Phillips, now residing on Turkey Hill, Plymouth, Pa., and the poem is intended to express the love and esteem that Jenkin ever cherished toward his beloved Christian brother.

Upon old Gwalia's lovely isle,
Now many years ago,
I left the joyful scenes of home,
Their pleasures to forego;
But one among the circle was
Who did my feelings win,
In childhood's pure and happy days:
It was my brother twin.

Into the sphere of life we came
Together at the first,
And on through every stage of life
Could on each other trust.
No two on earth more faithful were,
Of any race or kin,

For by my side he loved to be,
My gentle brother twin.

His manly form and noble heart
Was like the summer's rose,
And through the changing scenes of life
Their fragrance did disclose.
No discord notes admittance found
To his dear breast within;
Serene and calm he ever was,
My kind, true brother twin.

With fond delight I'll always love
To speak of his dear name;
For he was courteous, kind, and free,
To young and old the same;
And to adore the source divine
He early did begin;
And bright his hopes of glory were,
My Christian brother twin.

But, oh! how soon his tender form
Was blighted by decay!
Ere he attained the bloom of life
His soul was called away.
Yet unto him the change was best,
To leave a world of sin
And join the blessed host above,
My praying brother twin.

I would have loved to see his face
Ere his dear spirit fled,

But silent now, that form of clay
Lies sleeping with the dead.
But still it will revive again
When endless dawn comes in,
Then I shall see his saintly form,
My blessed brother twin.

Then peace unto his slumb'ring rest,
May none disturb his grave;
It is the favor that I ask:
No other do I crave.
Then let him sleep in sweet repose,
For honors he did win
While life within his bosom dwelt,
My noble brother twin.

So now adieu, adieu to thee,
Till we again shall meet
In that effulgent clime of love
On Zion's starry street.
Then with the blest and happy throng
There to remain within,
Forever in that world of bliss,
With thee, my brother twin.

PLYMOUTH, January 6, A.D. 1874.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HORACE M. DARLING.

How strange that the flowers which blossom the fairest
Are the first to decay when arrayed in their bloom!
They grant us but time to admire their beauty,
Then quickly appear in a mantle of gloom!

Pray can we obtain from the flowers a lesson?
Shall we try to interpret their early decay?
Oh! could we through life but resemble the flowers,
We never would have any cause for dismay.

The flowers they teach us that life is uncertain;
That for a wise purpose we all were designed:
To ever be clothed in the raiment of meekness,
And do what we can in the cause of mankind.

Though storms, now and then, may injure the flowers,
In the warm rays of Phœbus ere long they revive;
So let us remember, when conflicts we meet with,
We should not a mortal of friendship deprive.

Thy life like the beautiful flowers did flourish,
As near to perfection as a mortal could be.
The dahlia, geranium, the olive and myrtle,
In their loveliness, Mary, are emblems of thee.

The flowers that bloomed in thy soul of compassion,
Through all of life's journey, were virtue and love;
But angels descended and called for their Mary,
To live in the mansions of glory above.

There, safe evermore with the perfect immortals,
Free from all blight or untimely decay,
Adoring the Lamb for His love and His mercy
In redeeming thy soul from a temple of clay.

Thy sojourn on earth will not be forgotten,
Though thou didst not seek for the zenith of fame,
Yet worthy thou art of this tribute we give thee,
And bid thee farewell in Immanuel's name.

MAHANOY CITY, February 1, A.D. 1880.

THE REV. ISAAC SHELLHAMMER.

"The following lines commemorate the virtues of an earnest laborer in the Christian cause, the Rev. Isaac Shellhammer, who died in the harness at Conyngham, on the 22d of February, 1873, in the seventy-second year of his age. Mr. Shellhammer, who was the father of J. W. Shellhammer, of Plymouth, was born at Brier Creek, Northumberland County, Pa., January 1, 1802. His parents were devout Christians, and young Isaac imbibed their spirit. At an early age he became filled with the desire to become a minister of the gospel, and though poverty and other obstacles stood in the way, he surmounted them all and reached the goal of his ambition. Under the tuition of Revs. Kessler and La Ros he prepared himself, and in due time became a minister of the Reformed Church. He filled the pulpit very acceptably, and his popularity was attested by the throngs of warm admirers who gathered at the Conyng-

ham church to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory."—Ed. *Plymouth Star.*

With love and esteem let Shellhammer's name
Be inscribed on the chronicler's page;
For faithful and zealous the Christian hath been
Through all trials from youth to old age.

Though humble his lot in this life it was cast,
Yet his soul full of virtue, supplied
The need which the means of earth could afford,
In the promise divine he relied.

Though many a barrier obstructed his way
While slaking his thirst at the fount,
Still nobly he gained the wisdom he sought,
And triumphant the summit did mount.

He knew that the one he had chosen his guide
Would be with him in every dark hour,
Though friends may forsake and foes may deride
While the tempest around him did lower.

The reverend sires who aided him forth
On his mission of glory while here,
Are worthy to live by the star of their joy,
Which the world now in honor revere.

To Zeiser, Benninger, Kessler, La Ros,
Let the tribute of friendship be given,
For supporting the saint in his pilgrimage here
To proclaim the bright glories of heaven.

Ever loyal and firm to the cross he did cling
With purity, devotion, and love,
And preached the glad tidings of mercy to many
Of forgiveness of sins from above.

In gratitude often his heart would o'erflow
As describing the life of his Lord;
And, oh! how affecting the wanderer he sought
With the precepts divine to accord!

A lover and friend of the blest Sabbath-school,
'Mong the young he delighted to be,
Disclosing the truths of the volume sublime,
That the captive in Christ may be free.

Unassuming in person, so gentle and true,
His soul full of kindness did flow
To all of mankind at home and abroad,
Whatsoever rude tempest may blow.

For forty-six years unswerving he toil'd
In the vineyard of labor and love,
Then meekly he bowed to the will of his Lord
To ascend to His presence above.

Thus ended the Christian his labors on earth,
Untarnished, unsullied, and bright,—
A model of virtue for us to assume
Ere we fall in that sleep which is night.

And now in the beautiful mansions above,
Along with the holy, blest throng,

He's chanting the anthem of God and the Lamb,
The redeeming, sweet, hallowed song.

So peace to the sleep of his humble, dear form
Till the herald bids time be no more,
Then may we all rise with glorified saints,
Everlasting the Lord to adore.

PLYMOUTH, November 25, A.D. 1874.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES KEAR WATKINS.

O MEMORY, sweet memory, how dear to me thou art!
Though friend thou dost recall to mind, 'twas hard with them to part;
But memory, thou hast a star upon thy lovely breast,
Whose rays divine illumes the soul and gives the troubled rest.

This life is but a battle-field, fond memory, indeed,
And of thy presence oftentimes we mortals stand in need;
Thou art the angel that divides man from the rest of earth,
And gives him such exalted grace and dignity of birth.

'Tis only man that goes to see the silent, solemn grave,
And drops a tear above the dust of him he could not save;

The kindred link and friendly tie within his soul remains
Until his tenement of clay the parting monarch claims.

As I review the field of life with all its joy and woe,
Some things I wish I could forget and some I'd like to know;
But one I can recall to mind that's now before my sight,
The parting with a genial friend whom death did early blight.

The earth in splendor was array'd, the warblers sang with glee,
The valley seemed a paradise far as the eye could see;
The sun had crossed the zenith and was sinking to the west,
As silently the pilgrim's form they laid it down to rest.

'Twas in the middle of his life the fell destroyer came,
Although we find through his career he seldom was to blame;
Too noble was his heart, I'm sure, to meditate a wrong,
And such the record that we hear from all the human throng.

To liberty he was a friend, one of the truest kind,
And also to his fellow-man no better can we find;
If he could do a kindly act he'd do it with good will,
And never from his duty shrunk when he could it fulfil.

No more shall we behold again his form among us here,
'Tis now within the chamber of a cold and dreary sphere;
But still the light of endless day it will disperse the gloom,
And the immortal Prince will raise the sleeper from his tomb.

MAHANOY CITY, December 20, A.D. 1878.

EULOGY.

Mrs. E. K. Weber was the wife of Dr. Weber, of Mahanoy City. She was an ornament of Christianity, and a faithful and generous-hearted member of the Presbyterian Church of this city. Died January 4, A.D. 1874.

THE Christian is sleeping, her journey is o'er,
The conflicts of life will disturb her no more;
Her bright, gentle spirit has gone to that rest
Where the pure in heart are eternally blest.

Through all of her sojourn while with us below
Her heart full of gratitude always did flow.
In the light of the day or the darkness of night,
To commune with her Saviour it was her delight.

When disease had enfeebled her fair, humble form,
Her mind it was calm in the midst of the storm.

These words she did say when the gale it was rough:
"Oh, how can I love thee, my Saviour, enough?"

So bright was her hope of that beautiful land
That the choir she heard on its musical strand,
A-chanting their anthems of honor and glee,
Which made her so anxious 'long with them to be.

Oh, how she delighted to speak of her Lord,
And His trials on earth which the Bible record!
To kneel at His shrine it was her delight,
For to her was the crown of a victor in sight.

Thus ended the Christian her journey below,
The blessed Redeemer in glory to know;
To abide in His presence and sing of His love
With all of the holy immortals above.

So peace to the sleep of her temple of clay
Till the hallowed dawn of that coming day;
Then to lovely arise in sacred accord,
An emblem divine of her Saviour and Lord.

EULOGY.

On John Jenkins, late member of the Cambro-American Band of Mahanoy City. Died December 4, A.D. 1875.

THE son of Adonna* is gone to his rest,
And in peace he lies slumbering now.
His pilgrimage here was the joy of each breast;
Humility bloom'd on his brow.

Aspiring he marched in the pathway of fame,
And his soul full of music did flow;
To all mankind he was ever the same;
'Twas a pleasure his person to know.

The strains of his music through valley and dell
The hearts of the gloomy would cheer;
And many a pilgrim in sorrow will tell,—
Too brief was his earthly career.

The cause of the noble, the good, and the brave
Always manfully tried to defend;
What lay in his power he willingly gave,—
To either a stranger or friend.

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* Adonna was the goddess of Music (according to mythology) worshipped by the Romans.

The circle at home was the joy of his soul,
And to all of their wants did attend,
Until he arrived within sight of the goal
Where earthly affection does end.

MAHANOY CITY, December 6, A.D. 1875.

THE FADED LILY.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES E. GOSLING, INFANT SON OF JAMES AND MARGARET GOSLING, OF WANIMIE, LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.

DEAR solace dove, the joy of home
No more thy voice we'll hear,
Nor ever see thy smiling face,
That oft our hearts did cheer.

Our hopes were once upon thee laid,
That thou wouldst live to see
The mature age of manhood's day,
And then our comfort be.

But now the Hand that is divine
Has interposed between;
Yet, still in Providence we trust,
Although the blow is keen.

The ways of God are always right;
He doeth what is best.
"Let children come to me," He said,
And be forever blest.

Ah, yes! it was for them He died
Upon the shameful tree,
And all that such as children are
His paradise shall see.

Then guide us by Thy sacred hand,
That we may humble be,
And yield to all Thy wise designs,
Till we Thy glory see.

So now adieu, thou darling one,
Till we shall see thee there
In that delightful place of rest,
And all its pleasures share.

Then with the millions that have gone
To chant Thy name before,
We'll join the holy shining throng
And praise Thee evermore.

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS AUBREY, LATE OF PITTSTON.

The Christian has ended his pilgrimage here,
And his armor unspotted laid down.
He is gone to inherit the kingdom of life,
And receive from his Saviour a crown.

To retire from earth at the harbinger's voice
With his happy, bright soul did accord,

For 'twas ever his glory from youth to old age
To kneel at the shrine of his Lord.

In the temple of praise he delighted to be,
To chant his Redeemer's dear name,
And hear the true advocate speak of his Lord,
That to die for poor sinners He came.

But, oh! how his heart would in tenderness melt
As the theme of the Cross it was told!
How cruel the world did his Master abuse
No words could his bosom unfold.

The streamlet of love that flowed from his soul
Could alone but his feelings reveal,
For many a reverent tear has he shed
At the altar of penitent zeal.

The imperishing jewel of purity dwelt
In his humble, benevolent soul,
For fixed was his heart on that harbor of rest,
Which he gained at the end of his goal.

What a beautiful record the pilgrim has left
The bright pages of love to adorn,
As a blessing to all who may follow his steps,
To survive every struggle and storm!

Oh, sweet be the sleep of his tenement dust,
Till time upon earth shall be o'er!
Then triumphant to rise immortal and fair,
To reign with his Lord evermore.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM B. WAGNER, LATE OF MAHANOY CITY.

To thee, who oft knelt at the foot of the cross
Imploring forgiveness divine,
We gratefully sing of thy pilgrimage here;
The life of a Christian was thine.
Although we are sorry thy stay was so brief,
To thee was the change a gracious relief.

The conflicts of life never more will disturb
The holy, sweet joys of thy breast;
Thy journey is ended, thy race it is run;
Thou art safe in the mansions of rest.
Thy generous soul no more will refrain,
Exalting the Lamb that for sinners was slain.

"Good will unto men" was thy motto while here,
And praise to the crucified Lord;
In reverence ever thou triedst to fulfil
The teaching of God's holy word.
The reward it is thine, the crown thou hast won,
And a home evermore with the glorified One.

Thy songs were melodious in Zion while here
Of Jesus, thy Saviour and friend;
But, oh! how ecstatic thy sonnets are now,
In that glory that never shall end!
Oh, could we thy bliss for a moment describe,
No mortal would wish long on earth to reside!

But, ah! it is only the saint can behold
The beautiful shores of the blest;
The living must live, so that death will be gain,
Before they can enter that rest.
Oh, happy are they who the valley have trod
That leads to the city and palace of God!

What pen can describe, what tongue can unfold,
The exquisite bliss of the saint
Who's entered the paradise of the redeemed,
And hears not a tone of complaint!
'Tis only an angel or seraph can say,
How happy the soul in the regions of day!

Oh, humble and faithful, true knight of the cross,
How radiant the crown on thy brow!
How willingly would any sovereign of earth
His diadem change with thee now!
The eons of heaven thy crown will not rust,
But those of the earth will turn into dust.

This tribute, O Christian, to thee we ascribe
In honor, affection, and love;
The herald of death nevermore will disturb
Thy peace in that Eden above.
Eternally free from anguish and pain,
With the blessed Redeemer thou art to remain.

MAHANOY CITY, June 2, A.D. 1879.

EULOGY ON P. P. BLISS,

THE CELEBRATED EVANGELIST, WHO PERISHED AT THE ASHTABULA BRIDGE, OHIO.

THE Christian is sleeping, his spirit has flown
To his Father's bright mansions above,
To behold the Redeemer he loved to adore,
And to dwell in His presence of love.

No more will he weep at the foot of the cross,—
His tears have been all wiped away,
And in triumph he chants at the throne of his Lord
In that glorious elysium of day.

The cross he has changed for the crown that his Lord
Had promised that in heaven he should wear,
And a wreath now encircles the brow of the saint
That will remain both immortal and fair.

The anthems he wrote on his pilgrimage here
The saints in all ages will sing,
And the wanderer aid, when he comes in the fold,
To the cross of the Saviour to cling.

Hosanna he sang through the journey of life,—
Love, peace, and good will unto all;
But sweeter and louder his song it is now,
Where not a shadow of sorrow can fall.

No more will he thirst for the water of life ;
He has drank from the fount of his Lord,
And with the redeem'd ever love and adore
In harmonious and sacred accord.

So peace to the dust of his generous soul,
Now safe from all care, all sorrow and pain ;
A nation now weeps o'er the tomb of the saint,
Whose loss on this earth it ne'er can regain.

MATTHEW K. SHORT.

MEEK follower of Jesus, though silent thou art
In the cold dreary chamber of dust,
Thy name as a Christian I love to unfold,
Which the cycles of time cannot rust.

Thou often delighted to kneel at the shrine
Of thy blessed Redeemer and Lord,
And drink from the fountain of pardoning love,
Which the Bible sublime does record.

Unassuming in person, yet virtue was thine :
It blossomed through life in thy breast ;
That flower a fragrance now gives to thy name,
Whilst thou art enjoying thy rest.

Oh, can it be, Short, that silent thou art
While the choir are chanting their lay?

Is not thy hosanna as lofty and sweet
As one in the mansions of day?

Ah, yes! I believe thy hosanna is heard
In accord with the glorified throng;
For such was thy theme in Zion while here,
But more jubilant now is thy song.

The crown thou hast won; thy joy is complete;
Thou art safe with thy Saviour divine.
I'd give all the rubies and pearls of the earth,
O Christian, for that which is thine!

Although we regret thy stay was so brief
With the kindred and friends of thy heart,
Yet humbly we bow to the Master divine,—
'Twas better for thee to depart.

So Christian, adieu, thy race it is run,
But we hope we shall meet thee once more,
When the tocsin does sound and the struggle is done,
On the strand of that life-giving shore.

MAHANOY CITY, PA.

DADDO, THE MINER'S FRIEND.

Mr. Daddo, late of Saint Clair, was quite an expert in the science of mining, and devoted his time to the benefit of the mining community. This tribute is gratefully written to his memory.

In peace he lies sleeping, the friend of the miner,
Though few are the friends of the down-trodden slave;
But all honor to Daddo, the brave benefactor,
He endeavored the life of the miner to save.

The miners of Schuylkill are proud of their Daddo,
And feel sad at the loss of so noble a friend;
His works will remain on the pages of science,
Displaying their lustre 'till time it shall end.

Could they who oft turn the cold shoulder toward us
But see half the danger we encounter below,
Their feelings would wake from their cold icy slumber,
And, like Daddo, their talents upon us bestow.

So peace to the sleep of the famous inventor,
The friend of the miner so faithful and kind;
In gratitude ever his name will be cherished,
For few are the friends like Daddo we'll find.

Mahanoy City, December 23, A.D. 1877.

SACRED POETRY.

THE SOWER AND THE SEED.

ASCRIBED TO THE REV. H. A. KEYSER, OF THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH, MAHANOY CITY, PA.

Thou brave defender of the cross,
Thy work is truly great;
Within the vineyard of the Lord
The theme of old repeat.
The seed thy hands are sowing now
Will yet in beauty bloom
In that celestial paradise
Beyond the starry dome.

Although the harvest-field is ripe
And laborers but few,
The prodigals will yet return,
And sing their songs anew.
For the Redeemer bids them come
His precepts to fulfil;
Though far they've wandered from the fold,
The Saviour loves them still.

The Advocate will greet you there,
In Zion's peaceful home,
And cheer you all with kindly words,
That you no longer roam.

The sacred gates are now ajar
That you may enter in ;
Behold the crown ! it is in sight,
So now the race begin.

Remember, there is joy above
Among the holy throng
When one poor prodigal begins
To chant redemption's song.
The myriad harps vibrate afresh
That pure, immortal strain,
All praise and honor to the Lamb
Who was for sinners slain !

He would not that one soul should die,
But that mankind should live ;
His free salvation is to all
Who will their hearts but give
To labor for His holy cause,
And 'neath the cross sustain
The honors of redeeming love
That broke the captive's chain.

So take the cross, poor wanderer,
And manly face the foe ;
Heed not Apollyon's tempting charms
While journeying here below.
But stand, like faithful Bunyan stood,
When difficulties meet,
And lay thy cares and troubles down
At the Redeemer's feet.

He strength divine will soon impart,
And be thy sacred shield;
Although ten thousand may oppose,
'Tis thou wilt win the field.
His grace will surely bear thee up
Till thou the summit gain;
Then Canaan will before thee stand,
The lovely, florid plain.

Methinks I hear the angels greet
The pilgrim to his rest,
Where sin will nevermore disturb
The peace of his dear breast.
A crown is to the victor given,
A wreath placed on his brow;
The Lord of hosts proclaims, "Well done!
Enter my glory now."

MAHANOY CITY, December 10, A.D. 1876.

"AND GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS FROM THEIR EYES."

The following poem was written shortly after hearing the eloquent Lot Lake, pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church, preach upon this beautiful text: Rev. viii. 17.

"THE Lord is my Shepherd and I shall not want,"
Though stormy oft times is the way;
His presence is with me wherever I rove,
And I know I shall not go astray.

The storm it may rave and the billows may roll,
And the earth may be covered with gloom,
But the Pilot divine will guide me through time
To where all is in beauty and bloom.

Though the fount of regret it does often o'erflow,
As parting with those whom we love,
Still the bright star of hope in the distance appears,
And points to the regions above,
Where death cannot enter the portals of bliss,
Nor the saint from his Saviour depart,
But there in that rest be eternally blest,
And reside with the pure in heart.

To the saint who has crossed the meridian of life,
And by faith can the city behold,
The beautiful palace of God and the Lamb,
Encircled with pathways of gold,
What tongue can unfold the sweet joy of his breast;
What pen can his pleasure describe;
As wending his way to the mansions of day,
To along with his Saviour reside?

Ah! methinks I behold him reviewing the way
Which he long in the wilderness trod;
But brighter his hope and firmer his step
As approaching the throne of his God.
No more will Apollyon delude him again,
Or mar the sweet peace of his breast;
He's just at the end where his Shepherd and Friend
Will lead him with joy to his rest.

Oh, Eden of splendor, the home of the saint!
Though unseen by the vision of sight,
Where the sun does not set on its palace of gold,
But where all is celestial and bright;
There God and the Lamb in their glory illume
The plains of that angelic shore,
And the numberless throng chant the hallowed song,
And in triumph their Sovereign adore.

No weeping is there in those bowers of bliss,
Every tear has been wiped away,
And with vision immortal the Christian can gaze
On the rapturous glories of day.
The eye hath not seen and the ear hath not heard,
And conception it fails to expand,
What the blessed will know what God will bestow
On the saint in that glorified land.

As a mother caresses the babe on her breast,
And endeavors to charm it with song,
So Christ, He caresses the lambs of His fold,
And cheers them as journeying along:
My strength it sufficient shall be for you all,
In the dungeon, the flood, or the fire;
So be of good cheer, my presence is near
Unto all who for Zion aspire.

To the young and the hopeful as starting in life,
May the Volume Sublime be their guide,
The fountain of happiness, virtue, and love,
To all who will in it confide!

In joy and in sorrow, in sickness and health,
The road it will never seem dreary ;
So accept it, the shield, in life's battle-field,
Corona non sine pulvere.

MAHANOY CITY, September 26, A.D. 1877.

THY KINGDOM COME.

THY kingdom come, oh, Lamb divine !
All glory evermore be thine ;
May all the nations of the earth
Believe the tidings of Thy birth,
And worship at Thy shrine !

Then will Thy holy reign of peace
The captive from his sins release ;
The banner of the cross unfurled
Shall float in triumph o'er the world,
And all unite in peace.

The people of the Eastern shore
No longer idols will adore ;
But worship Thee, the Prince of Light,
Who art the source of true delight,
And will be evermore.

The tribes of Ethiopia's land
No more will human gore demand ;
The poor dejected colored race
Will gladly hail that day of grace
At Thy all-wise command.

Europe her meed of praise will bring,
America her anthem sing;
The little islands of the sea,
With all their legions, bow the knee
To honor Christ their king.

Oh, hasten, Lord, that coming day,
When all shall homage to Thee pay!
And bless Thee for what Thou hast done
In sending us Thy only Son
To wash our sins away.

MAHANOY CITY, December 31, A.D. 1879.

THE END.

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